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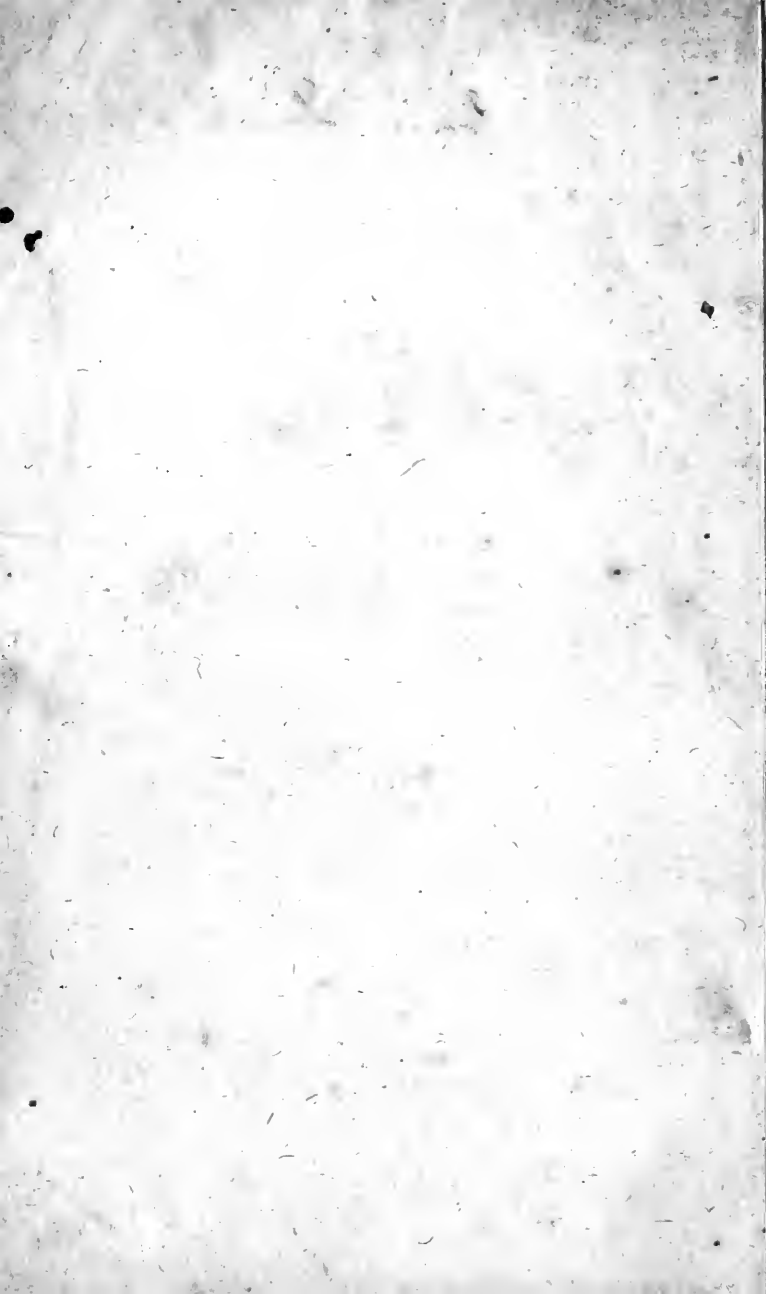
Treasure Room

John Procter 7160

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John Procter 716



HUDIBRAS.

THE
Third and last
PART.

Written by the AUTHOR
OF THE
FIRST and SECOND PARTS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Simon Miller*, at the Sign of the *Star*
at the West End of *St. Pauls*. 1678.

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Thos. Foster bought of
Mr Henry Towns -

Dec 15 n

*The Poses Monopie
Philip Foster Poole fresh*

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and last Part.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST CANTO of the Third Part.

*The Knight and Squire resolve, at once,
The one, the other, to renounce ;
They both approach the Ladies Bower,
The Squire t'inform, the Knight to woove her ;
She treats them with a Masquerade,
By Furies; and Hobgoblins made,
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.*

CANTO I.

TIs true, no Lover has that Pow'r,
T' enforce a desperate Amour,
As he that has two *Strings* t' his *Bow*
And burns for *Love*, and *Money* too:

For then he's Brave, and Resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit,
H'as all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,
And *Hangs* or *Drowns*, with half the trouble.
While those who fillily pursue
The simple downright way and true,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And steer, against the Stream, their passions :
Some forge their *Mistresses* of *Stars*;
And when the Ladyes prove averse
And more untoward to be won,
Then by *Caligula*, the *Moon*,
Cry out upon the *Stars*, for doing
Ill Offices, to cross their *Wooing*,
When only by themselves, they're hindred
For trusting *those they made her kindred* :
And still the Harsher, and Hide-bounder
The Damsels prove, become the Fonder.

For what Mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft, and gentle *Bride*?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In *Purling Streams*; or *Hemp* departed?
Leap't headlong int' *Elizium*,
Through th' Windows of a *Dazeling Room*?
But for some cross Ill-natur'd Dame,
The Am'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.
This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,
With all Mankind, so much in use;
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his *Amours*,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due *Time* and *Places*.

No sooner was the bloody Fight,
Between the *Wizard*, and the *Knight*,

With all th' Appurtenances over,
 But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover*:
 As he was always wont to do,
 When h' had discomfited a Foe,
 And us'd as only *Antick Philters*,
 Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.
 But now Triumphant, and Victorious,
 He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
 For such a Conquerour, to meddle
 With *Petty Constable*, or *Beadle*:
 Or fly for Refuge, to the *Hostess*
 Of th' Ins of Court, and Chanc'ry, *Justice*:
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
 To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws;
 Where none escape, but such as branded
 With red-hot Irons have past *Bare-handed*:
 And if they cannot read one *Verse*
It's Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.

He therefore judging it, below him,
To tempt a shame, the *Dev'l might owe him*,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,
To answer, with his Vessel, all
That might disastrously befall,
He thought it now the fittest juncture,
To give the Lady a Rencounter ;
T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conquest, o're the *fierce Magician*.
Describe the manner of the Fray,
And shew the spoils he brought away.
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,
The Number of the Blows, and Weight ;
All which might probably, succeed,
And gain belief, h' had done the deed.
Which he resolv'd to enforce, and spare,
No payning of his Soul, to swear ;

But rather then produce his Back,
To fet his Conscience on the Rack :
And in pursuance of his urging,
Of Articles perform'd, and scourging :
And all things else, upon his part,
Demand delivery of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Person, up to his embraces.

Thought he, the Ancient *Errant Knights*,
Won all their Ladies Hearts, in *Fights*,
And cut whole Gyants into fitters,
To put them into amorous twitters :
Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd :
But when their Bones were drub'd so sore,
They durst not wooe one *Combat* more ;

The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
So *Spanish Heroes*, with their Lances,
At once wound *Bulls*, and *Ladies fancies* :
And he acquires the noblest Spouse,
That Widdow's greatest Herds of Cows,
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quel'd so vast a *Buffalo* ?

Mean while, the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late Orders to obey ;
Who sent him for a *Strong Detachment*
Of *Beadles*, *Constables*, and *Watchmen* ;
T' attack the *Cunning-man*, for Plunder
Committed falsely on his Lumber,
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,

Had rifled all his Pokes, and Fobs,
Of *Gimcracks*, *Whims*, and *Figgumbobs* ;
Which He, by Hook, or Crook, had gather'd ;
And for his own Inventions, father'd :
And when they should, at *Gaol-delivery*,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have evidence, enough,
To render neither Halter-proof.
He thought it desperate, to tarry ;
And venture to be *Accessory* :
But rather wisely slip his Fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his *Betters* :
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him, that day ;
To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the *Riding Dispensation* :

And therefore much about th' hour,
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd, to leave him, to the Fury,
Of *Justice*, and an *unpackt, Fury*:
The *Squire* concur'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same Trim.
T'acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on ;
What *Project* 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out :
His firm, and stedfast Resolution,
To swear her to an *Execution* :
To pawn his inward Ears, to marry her,
And Bribe the Dev'l himself to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *Party Saints* to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any *Prosperous Arms-bearing*.

To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other *Cousin-German Saint*.
But e're the Knight could do his Part,
The Squire had got so much the Start,
H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his tricks afore-hand.
Just as he finish'd his Report,
The *Knight* alighted in the Court ;
And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,
And taken time, for both to stale
He put his Band, and Beard in Order,
The Sprucer, to accost, and board her.
And now began t' approach the Door,
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of fight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*.
With whom encountring, *After Longees*
Of *humble*, and *submissive Congees*,

And

And all *Due Ceremonies* paid,
He strok'd his Beard, and thus he said,
Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoo-tye.
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Present, you'll be glad to hear ;
At least I hope so, *The thing's* done,
Or may I never see the Sun ;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance, at your gentle Hand :
And that you'd please to do your part
As I have done mine, to my smart,
With that he shrug'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake :
But she who well enough, knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The Mystery, of what he mean'd :

And

And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark expressions, *less profound*.
Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much, I've suffer'd for your Love:
Which (like your *Notary*) to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin:
And for those meritorious Lashes,
To claim your favour, and good Graces.
Quoth she, I do remember, once
I freed you, from th' *Inchanted Sconce* ;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your Back to th' *good Behaviour*,
And for my Sake, and Service, vow'd,
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear, t' a scruple, prove,
As other Knights do oft make love:
Which whether you have done or no,
Concerns your self, not me, to know.

But

But if you have, I shall confess

Y' are honefter, then I could guess ;

Quoth he, if you suspect my troth,

I cannot prove it, but by Oath ;

And if you make a question on't:

I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't.

And he that makes his Soul, his Surety

I think, does give the best security.

Quoth she, some say, the *Soul's* secure,

Against Distress, and Forfeiture ;

Is free from Action, and exempt

From Execution, and Contempt ;

And to be summon'd to appear

In th' other world, 's illegal here :

And therefore few make any account,

In t' what incumbrances they run't.

For most Men carry things so even

Between this *World*, and *Hell*, and *Heaven* ;

With-

Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together:
And equally abhor to quit
This *World*, for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn, and damn their Souls,
They are but *Pris'ners* on *Parols*.
For that, quoth he, 'tis rational
They may be accomptable, in all;
For when there is that intercourse,
Between *Divine*, and *Humane Pow'rs*;
That all that we determine here,
Commands Obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted,
For Fines, or Ears, and Executed,
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage past:
For Oaths are th' only *Tests*, and *Seals*,
Of *Right*, and *Wrong*, and *True*, and *False*.
(And

And there's no other way to try
The Doubts of Law, and Justice by:
Quoth She, what is it you would Swear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For till th' are understood, all Tales
(Like Nonfense) are nor *True*, nor *False*.
Quoth he, when I resolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day;
And to perform my Exercise,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair eyes?
T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,
I went to do't upon the Place:
But as the *Castle* is enchanted,
By *Sidrophel the Witch*, and haunted
With evil Spirits as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray,

I heard a Formidable Noise
Loud as the *Stentrophonick Voice*.
That Roar'd far off ; Dispatch and Strip,
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
That shall divest thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy lingring Sin :
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy *Oath*,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth :
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,
Where th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake.
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For *Penance* and *Revenge* to Flea.
Unless thou presently make hast,
Time is, Time was, and there it ceas'd.
With which though startled I confess
Yet th' Horror of the thing was less ;
Than th' other Dismal apprehension,
Of *Interruption* or *Prevention*.

And

And therefore snatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my back a load ;
Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good :
Till tyr'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the *Blows*, still ply'd as fast,
As if th' had been by *Lovers* Plac'd,
In *Raptures of Platonic Lashing*,
And chaste *Contemplative Bardashing*.
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my Guard, and Scout,
I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-witch his *Caliban*,
With Scourges (like the Furies) Arm'd,
That on my outward Quarters storm'd:
In haste, I snatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their Hellish Rage a stop:

Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell

Couragiously, on Sidrophel.

Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,

Began to Roar aloud, and tear,

When I as furiously prest on,

My weapon down his Throat to run,

Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,

And turn'd himself into a Goose :

Div'd under *Water*, in a Pond,

To hide himself from being found :

In vain I fought him, but as soon

'As I perceiv'd him fled and gone ;

Prepar'd with equal Haft and Rage,

His *Under Sorcerer* t' ingage ;

But bravely Scorning to defile,

My Sword with feeble blood and vile ;

I judg'd it better from a *Quick-*

Set-Hedge to cut a knotted *Stick*,

With

With which, I furiously laid on,
Till in a Harsh and Doleful tone,
It Roar'd, *Oh Hold for pity Sir,*
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been b' a Witch,
But conjur'd into a worse Caprich
Who sends me out, on many a Jaunt,
Old Houses in the Night to haunt :
For opportunities t' Improve
Designs of Thievery or Love :
With Drugs convey'd in Drink, or Meat,
All *Feats of Witches* counterfeit,
Kill *Pigs* and *Geese* with *Powdered Glasse*,
And make it for *Inchantments* Pass.
With *Comitch* meazle like a Leper
And choak with Fumes of *Guiny-Pepper*,
Make *Leachers*, and their *Punks with Dewtry*,
Commit *Phantastical Advowtry*,

Bewitch *Hermetique-men* to Run
Stark staring mad with *Manicon*,
Believe *Mechanick Virtuosi*
Can raise 'em *Mountains* in *Potosi* ;
And fillier than the *Antick Fools*,
Take *Treasure* for a *Heap of Coals* :
Seek out for *Plants* with *Signatures*
To Quack of *Universal Cures* :
With *Figures* ground on *Panes of Glass*,
Make *People* on their *Heads* to pass ;
And mighty heaps of *Coyne* increase,
Reflected from a single piece :
To Draw in *Fools* whose *Nat'ral Itches* ;
Incline perpetually to *Witches* ;
And keep me in continual *Fears*
And *Danger* of my *Neck* and *Ears* :
When less *Delinquent* have been scourg'd
And *Hemp* on wooden *Anvils* forg'd,

Which

Which others for Cravats have worn,
About their Necks and took a Turn :
I pity'd the sad Punishment,
The *wretched Caitiffe* underwent,
And Held my Drubbing of his Bones,
Too great an honour for *Pultrones* ;
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From Paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they slash and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilest addressees ;
Their Horfes never give a blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow ?
I therefore Spar'd his Flesh, and Prest him
About the Witch with man'a Question.
Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
Employed in all th' *Intrigues* and *Trust*,
Of feeble *Speculative Lust* :

Procurer to th' Extravagancy,
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy ;
By those the Devil had forsook
As things below him, to provoke
But b'ing a virtuoso, able
To *Smatter*, *Quack*, and *Cant*, and *Dabble*,
He held his *Talent* most Adroyt
For any *Mystical Exploit* ;
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prices Three to One ;
For one *Predicting Pimp* has th' Odds
Of *Chauldrans*, of plain downright Bauds :
But as an *Elf* (*the Devils Valet*)
Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that do his Business best,
In Hell, are us'd the Ruggedest :
Before so meriting a Person
Could get a *Grant*, but in *Reversion* :

He serv'd two Prenticeships and longer,
I'th' Myst'ry of a *Lady-Monger*.

For (as some write) A *Witches Ghost*,
As soon as from the Body loos'd,
Becomes a *Puiney-Imp* it self,
And is another *Witches Elf*.

He after searching far and near,
At length found one in *Lancashire*,
With whom he bargain'd before hand,
And after Hanging, entertain'd:

Since which, H' has playd a thousand Feats,
And Practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:

Transform'd himself, to th' ugly Shapes,
Of *Wolves*, and *Bears*, *Baboons*, and *Apes*;

Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or *Pharaoh's Wizards* could their *Switches*:

And all with whom H' has had to do,
Turn'd to as Monstrous Figures too.

Witness

Witness my self whom h' has abus'd
And to this Beastly shape Reduc'd ;
By feeding me on *Beans* and *Pease*,
He Cram's in *Nasty Crevices*,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me relish for *Disserts*,
And one by one with Shame and Fear,
Lick up the Candid Provender.
Beside——But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,
The Lady stopt his full Carier,
And told him, Now 'twas time to hear,
If half those things (said she) be true,
(*Th' are all (Quoth he) I swear by you :*)
Why then (said she) that *Sidrophel* :
Has Damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell :
Who mounted on a Broom, the *Nag*
'*And Hackney of a Lapland Hag,*

In Quest of you came hither Post,
Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most,
Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way :
Vow'd that you came to him to know
If you should carry me or no ;
And would have hir'd him and his Imps,
To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
T' ingage the Devil on your side,
And steal (like *Proserpine*) your Bride.
But he disdain'd to embrace
So filthy a Design and Base,
You fell to vapouring and Huffing,
And drew upon him like a Ruffin,
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his Guard ;
And left him dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruise and desperate wound.

Swore

Swore you had broke, and Rob'd his House
And stole his *Talismanique Louse*,
And all his *New-found Old Inventions*
With Flat Felonious Intentions :
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought 'em for and Paid.
His *Flea*, his *Morpion*, and *Punese*,
H' had gotten for his Proper ease,
And all in perfect Minutes made,
By th' Ablest Artists of the Trade :
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost :
And all together, might amount
To many hundreds on account :
For which h' had got sufficient warrant,
To seize the Malefactors Errand ;
Without capacity of Bail,
But of a *Carts*, or *Horses Tail* :

And

And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,

To serve for *Pendulums* to *Watches* :

Which modern Vertuoso's say,

Incline to Hanging every way.

Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,

That er'e he went in Quest of you.

He set a Figure to Discover

If you were fled to *Rye*, or *Dover*,

And found it clear that to betray

Your selves and me, you fled this way,

And that he was upon pursuit

To take you somewhere hereabout.

He vow'd h' had had Intelligence,

Of all that past before and since :

And found that e're you came to him,

Y' had been Ingaging Life and Limb,

About a case of tender Conscience,

Where both abounded in your own Sense :

Till *Ralpho* by his Light and Grace,
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case :
And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done :
For which most basely to requite
The Service of his *Gifts* and *Light*,
You strove t' oblige him by main force
To scourge his Ribs instead of yours,
But that he stood upon his Guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd,
For which between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' Outside of his eyes to white,
(*As men of Inward light are wont*
To turn their Opticks in upon't)
He wonder'd how she came to know,
What he had done and meant to do;

Held up his *Affidavit* hand,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd :
Cast t'wards the Door a Ghastly look,
In Dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke,
Madam, if but one word be true,
Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one single Circumstance
In all th' *Apocryphal Romance* :
May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down,
This Vessel, *that is all your own* :
Or may the Heavens fall and cover,
These Relicks of your Constant Lover :
You have provided well, quoth She,
(I thank you) for your self and me :
And shewn your *Presbyterian* wits,
Jump punctual with the *Jesuites*.
A most compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the *World*, the *Devil*,

And

And *Heaven* and *Hell*, *your Selves* and *Those*;
On whom you vainly think t' impose:
Why then (Quoth He) may *Hell* surprize
That trick (said she) will not pass twice,
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your Pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve:
But there's a better way of Clearing
What you would prove than downright Swearing,
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are visible as yet:
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of Nicest scruples in the Action:
And if you can produce those *Knobs*
Although th'are but the *Witches* Drubs;
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your Natural Self had don't.
Provided that they pass th' opinion,
Of Able Juries of old Women;

Who

Who us'd to judge all *matr' of Facts*
For *Bellies*, may do so, for *Backs*!

Madam (quoth he) *your Love's a Million*;
To do is less, than to be willing;
As I am, were it in my Pow'r;
T' obey what you command and more:
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much, as if I did:
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my wounds, from taking Air:
For wounds in those that are all Heart,
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (quoth she) my *Goods and Chattels*
Are like to prove, but meer *drawn Battels*;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.

But granting now, we should agree,
What is it you expect from me ?
Your plighted Faith (quoth he) and Word
You past in Heaven, on Record.
Where all Contracts, to have, and t' hold
Are everlastingly inrol'd,
And if 'tis counted Treason, here
To *race Records*, 'tis much more there.
Quoth she, there are no *Bargains driv'n*
Nor *Marriages* clap'd up in *Heaven*,
And that's the reason as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages :
Two things, that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease :
Their bus'ness there is only *Love*
Which Marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too generous, t' abide
To be against its Nature, ty'd ;

For where 'tis of it self inclin'd
It breaks loose, when it is confin'd :
And like the Soul its harbourer,
Debar'd the freedom of the Air ;
Disdains, against its will, to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away.
And therefore, never can comply,
T' indure the Matrimonial tye :
That binds the Female, and the Male,
Where th' one is but the others Bail.
Like Roman Gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.
Of which the True, and *Faithful'st* Lover
Gives best security, to *suffer* :

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way,

And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd,

It should so suddenly be tyr'd:

A bargain, at a venture made,

Between two Part'ners in a *Trade*,

(For what's infer'd by *T' have, and t' hold*,

But something past away, and sold?)

That as it makes but one, of two,

Reduces all things else, as low:

And at the best is but a *Mart*

Between the one, and th' other part,

That on the Marriage-day is paid,

Or, hour of Death, the Bet it laid:

And all the rest of *Bett'r or worse*

Both are but losers, out of Purse.

For when upon their ungot Heirs

Th' intail themselves, and all that's theirs,

What blinder Bargain e're was driven,

Or Wager laid at *six and seven*?

To pass themselves away, and turn
Their Children's Tenants, e're th' are born?
Beg one another *Idiot*,
To *Guardians* e're they are begot ;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' *Implicite Generation*,
And *General Club* of all the Nation ;
For which she's fortify'd no less
Than all the Island, with four *Seas* ?
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r
In ready Insolence, and Pow'r ;
And makes him pass away, to *Have*
-And *Hold*, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an *Ancient Villain*,
Condemn'd to *Drudgery*, and *Tilling*,
While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to justify ;

Nor at her proper cost, and charge
Maintain the Feats, he does at large.
Such hideous Sots, were *those obedient*
Old Vassals, to their *Ladies Regent* ;
To give the Cheats, the *Eldest hand*
In *Foul Play*, by the Laws o'th Land,
For which so many a *legal Cuckol d*
Has been run down in Courts, and truckled.

A Law that most unjustly yokes,
All *Fohns* of *Stiles*, to *Foans* of *Nokes*,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality,
Admits no *Pow'r* of *Revocation*,
Nor *valuable Consideration*,
Nor *Writ* of *Error*, nor *Reverse*,
Of *Judgement* past, For better, or worse.

Will not allow the Priviledges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who when th' are griev'd can make dead Horfes
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces ;
While nothing else, but *Rem in Re*,
Can fet the proudest Wretches free.
A slavery, beyond induring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply :
So Men are by themselves betray'd
To quit the freedom they injoy'd,
And runs their Necks into a Noose,
They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
As some, whom *Death would not depart*,
Have done the Feat themselves, by Art.
Like *Indian Widdows* gone to Bed
In *Flaming Curtains*, to the Dead,

And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport,

Nor do the Ladies want excuse,
For all the *Stratagems* they use.
To gain th' advantage of *the Set*,
And lurch the Amorous Rook, and Cheat,
For as a *Pythagorean Soul*,
Runs through all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one:

So Love do's, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ere so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.

'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the Patient first,
That after burns with cold as much,
As Ir'n in *Greenland*, does the touch,

Melts in the Furnace of desire,
Like Glas, that's but the Ice of Fire,
And when his heat of Fancy's over
Becomes as hard, and frail a Lover,
For when he's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd, and Cock'd by *Miß*, or *Madam*,
The smallest sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery ;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
Th' are in the very Act, recoil :
Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance,
And Widdows, who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, 'till th' have made over;
Or if they do, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Goose they carry :
And e're they venture o're a stream,
Know how to size themselves, and them.

Whence

Whence witty't Ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest Goose.
For now the World is grown so wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather trust, on tick, t' Amours
The *Croß* and *Pile*, for *Bett'r* or *Worse* ;
A Mode, that is held honourable,
As well as French, and fashionable.
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least ;
In Soul, and Body too, unite,
To make up one *Hermaphrodite* ;
Still Amorous, and Fond, and Billing,
Like *Philip* and *Mary*, on a *Shilling* ;
Th' have more Punctilio's, and Caprices
Between th' Petticoat, and Breeches,
More potulant extravagancies,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances.

Though,

Though, when *their Heroes*, 'sponse the Dames,

We hear no more of *Charms* and *Flames* :

For then their late attracts decline

And turn as eager, as *Prick'd Wine*.

And all their Catterwauling tricks

In earnest, to as jealous Piques,

Which th' *Ancients* wifely signify'd

By th' *yellow Manto's* of the Bride.

For jealoufie is but a kind

Of *Clap*, and *Grincam* of the mind,

The Natural effect of Love,

As other *Flames*, and *Aches* prove ;

But all the mischief is, the doubt,

On whose account, they first broke out :

For though *Chineses* go to Bed,

And lye in, in their Ladies stead,

And for the pains they took before,

Are nurs'd, and pamper'd to do more :

Our *Green-men* do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a Clap,
Both lay the Child to one another,
But who's the *Father*, who the *Mother*,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
Or who imported the *French Goods*;
But Health, and Sicknes, b'ing all one,
Which both ingag'd before to own;
And are not with their Bodies bound,
To *Worship*, only when th'art found.
Both give, and take their equal shares,
Of all they suffer by false Wares:
A Fate, no Lover can divert
With all his caution, Wit, and Art,
For 'tis in vain, to think to guess
At Women, by *Appearances*,
That Paint, and Patch their *Imperfections*
Of *Intellectual Complexions*;

And

And daub their Tempers o're, *with Washes,*
As Artificial, as their Faces ;
Wear, under Vizard-Masks, *their Talents*
And Mother Wits, before their Gallants ;
Until th' are hampered in the Nooze,
Too fast, to dream of breaking loose.
When all the Flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride
That with her Wedding-clothes undresses
Her Complaisance, and Gentileesses ;
Try's all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government, from th' easie owner,
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave ;
Finds all his *Hawing, and his Holding,*
Reduc'd t' Eternal *Noise, and Scolding,*
The *Conjugal Petard,* that tears
Down all *Portcullices of Ears,*

And

And makes the Volly of one Tongue,
For all their Leathern Shields too strong,
When only arm'd with Noife, and Nails;
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males.
Transform 'em into Rams, and Goats,
Like *Syrens* with their charming Notes:
Sweet as a Screech-Owl's *Serenade*,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By th' Husband *Mandrake*, and the *Wife*,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, these Reasons are but strains
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their *Wit*, or *Drink*,
Do rather wheedle with, than think:
Man was not Man, in *Paradise*,
Until he was Created twice,

And had his better half, his *Bride*,
Carv'd from th' Original, his side.
T' amend his Natural defects
And perfect his recruited Sex,
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
The *Pains and labour of increasing*,
By changing them, for other cares,
As by his *dry'd-up Paps* appears.
His Body, that stupendious Frame
Of all the World *The Anagram*,
Is of two equal parts compact
In Shape, and Symmetry, exact.
Of which the Left, and Female side,
Is to the Manly Right, a Bride,
Both joyn'd together, with such Art,
That nothing else but Death can part?
Those Heavenly Attracts of yours, your Eyes
And Face, that all the World surprize,

That

That dazle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies Tawny :
Those Ravishing, and charming Graces;
Are all made up, of *two Half faces*;
That in a *Mathematick Line*,
Like those in other Heavens, joyn:
Of which if either grew alone
’Twould fright as much, to look upon :
And so would that *sweet Bud, your Lip*;
Without the others fellowship.
Our Noblest Senses act by Pairs;
Two Eyes to see, to hear, two Ears;
Th’ Intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the Soul design’d,
But those, that serve the Body alone,
Are single and confin’d to one :
The World is but two Parts, that meet;
And close at th’ *Æquinoctial* fit ;

And

And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd *with her signature* on matter :
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or smallest Blade of Grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How intirely *Marriage* is her care,
The only method that she uses,
In all the wonders she produces :
And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what secures the *Civil Life*
But pawns of *Children, and a Wife*?
That lie, like *Hostages*, at stake,
To pay for all, Men undertake ;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born, and breath, to marry.
So Universal, all Mankind
In nothing else, is of one mind :

For in what stupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Fashion?
Unless among the *Amazons*,
Or *Vestal Fryers*, and *Cloyster'd Nuns*,
Or *Stoicks*, who to bar the *Freaks*,
And loose Excesses of the Sex;
Preposterously would have all Women,
Turn'd up, to all the World, in common:
Though Men would find such mortal *Fewds*,
In sharing of their *publick Goods*,
'Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
Then th' are supply'd with now, by Wives.
Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beasts do, of their *Native Growths*,
For simple wearing of their *Horns*,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend to inherit,
Unless the *Marriage-deed* will bear it?

Could claim no Right to Lands, or Rents,
But for our Parents settlements:
Had been but younger *Sons o'th' Earth*,
Debar'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Estates of *Peers*
Could be preserv'd but by their Heirs?
And what security maintains
Their Right, and Title, but the *Banes*?
What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greatest *Monarchs did not marry*?
And with their *Consorts*, consummate
Their weightiest *Interests of State*
For all the Amours of Princes, are
But *Garranties* of Peace, or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The *Rage of Empires* to disarm?
Make Blood, and Desolation cease,
And Fire, and Sword, unite in Peace?

When all their fierce contests *for Forrage*,
Conclude in Articles of *Marriage*?

Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Less, for the interests of the *Bride* :

Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much, as *Due Benevolence*,

Could no more Title take upon her
To *Virtue, Quality, and Honour*

Then *Ladies Errant*, unconfin'd,

And *Feme-Coverts* to all Mankind.

All Women would be of one piece,

The virtuous *Matron*, and the *Miss*.

The Nymphs of *chast Diana's Train*,

The same with those in *Levkners-lane* ;

But for the difference Marriage makes

'Twixt *Wives*, and *Ladies of the Lakes*.

Besides the joys of *Place* and *Birth*,

The Sexes Paradise on Earth,

A priviledge so sacred held
That none will to their Mothers yield,
But rather then not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if the Indulgent Law allows,
A greater freedom, to the Spouse ;
The reason is, because the Wife
Runs greater hazards of her Life.
Is trusted with the *Form*, and *Matter*
Of all Mankind, by careful Nature :
Where Man brings nothing, but the Stuff,
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of.
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
Demand the *Clergy of her Belly*,
And make it save her, the same way,
It seldom misses to betray.
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.

And though some fits of small contest
 Sometimes fall out among the *Best*,
 That is no more, then every Lover
 Does, from his *Hackney Lady* suffer.
 That makes no Breach of Faith, and Love,
 But rather (sometime) serves t' improve.
 For as in running, ev'ry Pace
 Is but between two Legs a Race,
 In which, both do their uttermost,
 To get before, and win the Post :
 Yet when th' are at their races ends,
 Th' are still as kind, and constant friends ;
 And to relieve their weariness,
 By turns give one another ease :
 So all those false Allarms of strife,
 Between the *Husband*, and the *Wife* :
 And little quarrels, often prove
 To be but new recruits of Love :

When

When those, wh' are always kind, or coy,
In time, must either Tire, or Cloy.
Nor are their loudest clamours, more
Then as th' are relish'd, *Sweet*, or *Sour*,
Like *Musick*, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all Amours, a Lover burns,
With *Frowns*, as well as *Smiles* by turns,
And hearts have been, as oft, with fullen,
As charming looks, surprized, and stollen,
Then why should more bewitching clamour,
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Discords make the sweetest Airs,
And Curfes are a kind of Prayers.
Too flight Alloys, for all those grand
Felicities, by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has Pow'r to settle
Th' interests of Love, perpetual.

An *Act* and *Deed*, that makes one Heart,
Become another's counter-part,
And *passes Fines* on Faith and Love
Inrol'd, and Registred above,
To seal the slippery knot of Vows,
Which nothing else but Death can lose :
And what security's too strong,
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to pass,
It self away, and all it has :
And, like an *Anchorite*, gives over
This World, for *th' Heaven of a Lover* ?

I grant (quoth she) there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true :
But Millions, whom the same does sentence
To Heaven, b' another way, repentance.

Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
Though all they hit, they turn to Lovers,
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Then Gamesters when they play a set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight-unseen.
For what do Lovers, when th' are fast
In one another's Arms imbrac't ;
But strive, to plunder ; and convey
Each other, *like a Prize*, away !
To change the property of selves,
As sucking Children are, by *Elves* ?
And if they use their *Persons* so,
What will they to their *Fortunes* do ?
Their Fortunes ! the perpetual aims
Of all their Extracies, and Flames :

For when the Money's on the Book,
 And *all my Worldly Goods*— but spoke :
 (The Formal *Livery, and Seafin,*
 That puts a Lover in possession)
 To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
 The Bride a flam, that's superfed
 To that, their Faith is still made good,
 And all the Oaths to us they vow'd,
 For when we once resign our Pow'rs,
 W' have nothing left, we can call ours.
 Our Money's now become the *Miss,*
 Of all your *Lives and Services* :
 And we forsaken, and Postpon'd,
 But Bawds to what before we own'd ;
 Which as it made y' at first Gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,
 (As we had been) for *New Amours*.

For what did ever *Heireß* yet
By being born to *Lordships*, get?
When the more *Ladies* sh' is of *Manners*,
She's but expos'd to more *Trepanners*,
Pays for their *Projects*, and *Designs*,
And for her own destruction *Fines*.
And does but tempt them, with her *Riches*,
To use her, as the *Dev'l* does *Witches*,
Who takes it for a special *Grace*,
To be their *Cully* for a space.
That when the time's expir'd, the *Drazels*
For ever, may become his *Vassals*.
So she bewitch'd by *Rooks* and *Spirits*,
Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits
Is bought and fold, like stolen goods,
By *Pimps*, and *Match-makers*, and *Bawds*:
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.

These

These are the Everlasting Fruits
Of all your passionate Love-suits,
The effects of all your *amorous Fancies*,
To *Portions*, and *Inheritances*.
Your Love-sick Raptures, for *Fruition*
Of *Dowry*, *Foynture*, and *Tuition* ;
To which you make Address, and Courtship,
And with your Bodies, strive to Worship :
That th' Infants Fortunes may partake
Of Love too, for the Mothers sake.
For these, you play at *Purposes*,
And love your Loves with *A's*, and *B's*,
For these, at *Beast*, and *L'hombre*, wooe,
And play for *Love*, and *Money* too.
Strive who shall be the ablest Man,
At right *Gallanting of a Fan* :
And who the most Gentilely bred,
At sucking of a *Vizard Bead* ;

How best t' accost us, in all Quarters
T' our *question* and-*command-New Garters*,
And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of dresses, *Pro* and *Con*.
For there's no Mystery, nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.
And when you have more Debts to pay
Them *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*,
And no way possible to do't
But *Love* and *Oaths*, and *restless Suit*,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of your cully'd past Amours :
Act o're your *Flames*, and *Darts*, again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which other's influences, long since
Have charm'd *your Noses with*, and *Shins*.
For which, the *Surgeon* is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.

Lord ! what an Amorous thing is want,
How *Debts*, and *Mortgages* inchant;
What Graces must that Lady have,
That can from *Executions* save !
What Charms ! that can *reverse extent*;
And *Null Decree*, and *Exigent* !
What *Magical Attracts*, and Graces
That can redeem from *Scire Facias* ?
From Bonds, and Statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of Courts inlarge ?
These are the highest excellencies
Of all our true, or false pretences ;
And you would Damn your selves, and swear,
As much, t' an *Hostess Dowager* ;
Grown Fat, and Purfy, by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale ;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn.

Who at your Flame would soon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire :
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

By this time, 'twas grown dark, and late,
When th' heard a knocking, at the Gate
Laid on in haft, with such a powder,
The blows grew louder, still, and louder :
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Bestow'd, as freely on his Skin,
Expounded by his inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick fright,
To be the *Wizard*, come to search,
And take him napping, in the lurch.
Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt :

*For Men will tremble, and turn paler
With too much, or too little Valour,
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage through his side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a Fury, to fly at 'em :
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny, to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was, by his *Furious Quaking*,
Undaunted, cry'd, *Courage ! Sir Knight,*
Know I'm resolv'd to break no Rite
Of Hospitality, t' a Stranger,
But to secure you out of danger,
Will here my self stand Sentinel,
To guard this Pass, 'gainst Sidrophel :
Women, you know, do seldom fail,
*To make the stoutest Men turn tail :**

*And bravely scorn to turn their Backs
Upon the desperatst Attacks:*

At this the Knight grew resolute,
As Iron-side, or Hardy-knute ;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to rally :
But she besought him, to convey
His courage rather out 'oth way,
And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,
Or fortify'd behind a Door,
That if the enemy should enter
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd against the door
As fierce as at the Gate, before,
Which made the Renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright ;

He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady, for a *fresh Reserve*,
His Duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd, execute ;
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away :
And all h' encountred fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone.
Till fear, that braver Feats performs,
Then ever Courage dar'd in Arms :
Had drawn him up, before a Pass,
To stand upon his Guard, and Face.
This he couragiously invaded,
And having enter'd *Barricado'd* :
Inscenc'd himself as formidable,
As could be, underneath a Table :

Where

Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect the arrival of his Foes ;
Few minutes, had he lain pordue,
To guard his desp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the Rout,
With which impatiently Alarm'd,
He fancy'd, th' Enemy had storm'd,
And after entring *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell,
He therefore sent out all his sences,
To bring him in, Intelligences,
Which vulgars out of ignorance,
Mistake, for falling in a Trance :
But those, that Trade in *Geomancy*,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy :
In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal
And things incredible reveal.

Mean while, the Foe beat up his Quarters
And storm'd the out-works of his Fortrefs,
And as another of the fame
Degree, and Party, in Arms, and Fame,
That in the fame Cause, had ingag'd,
And War with equal conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring only but to thrust
His Head, a Span beyond his Post :
B' a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavalliers* ;
Was drag'd, through a window by th' Ears :
So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him, at their mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they scorn'd to Trade and Barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter :

They

They stoutly on his Quarters Laid,
Until his Scouts came in t'his Aid:
For when a *Man is past his Sense,*
There's no way to Reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' *Ears*, or *Nose*,
Or laying on of *heavy Blows*,
And if that will not do the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Irons* proceed.

No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his Neck, a Sturdy Elf
Clap'd in a Trice, his Cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof.
Mortal ; Thou art betray'd to us,
B' our Friend, thy evil Genius,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and Turning Iyes,

The Brethrens Priviledge, against
The Wicked) on themselves the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent,
For just Revenge, and Punishment ;
Which thou hast now, no way to lessen
But by an open, free Confession,
For if we catch thee failing once,
I will fall the heavier on thy Bones,
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Ladies Heart away ?
To Spirit her to Matrimony---- ?
That which contracts all Matches, Money,
It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,
That made m' apply t' your Croney Witches,
That in return, would pay th' expence,
The Wear-and-tear of Conscience.
Which I could have patch'd-up, and turn'd,
For th' Hundredth-part of what I earn'd.

Did'st

Did'st thou not love her then ? Speak true.

No more (quoth he) then I love you.

How would'st th' have us'd her, and her Money ?

First, turn'd her up, to Alimony,

And laid her Dowry out in Law,

To null her Joynture with a Flaw,

Which I before-hand had agreed,

T' have put, of purpose, in the Deed.

And bar her Widows-making-over

T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.

What made thee pick and choose her out ?

T' imploy their Sorceries about ?

That, which makes Gamesters play with those,

Who have least Wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus

As thou hast damn'd thy self to us ?

I see, you take me for an As,

'Tis true ! I thought the trick would pass

Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by Proof,
Whose Humours are not to be won
But when they are Impos'd upon :
For Love approves of all they do,
That stand for Candidates and woo.
Why didst thou forge those shameful Lyes,
Of Bears and Witches in Disguise ?
That is no more than Authors give
The Rabble credit to Believe :
A Trick of *Following their Leaders,*
To entertain their *Gentle Readers.*
And we have now no other way
Of Passing all we do, or say,
Which when 'tis Natural and True,
Will be believ'd b^y a very Few.
Beside the danger of offence
The Fatal enemy of Sense.

*Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin
Hypocrisie, to set up in?*

Because it is the Thrivingst Calling
The only S^{ts}. Bell that Rings all in.
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the Easiest to be learn'd.
For no Degrees, unless th' Imploy't,
Can ever gain much or enjoy't.

A Gift, that is not only able
To Domineer among the *Rabble*
But by the Laws impowr'd, to Rout
And awe the greatest that stand out.
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their Hands should slip and come too near,
For no sin else among the Saints,
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy Plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a House.

And hang, and scorn ye all, before

Indure the Plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks

Then all our doting Politicks

That are grown old, and out of fashion;

Compar'd with your new Reformation:

That we must come to School to you,

To learn your more refin'd, and New.

Quoth he, if you will give me leave

To tell you, what I now perceive,

You'd find your self an arrant Chouse

If y' were but at a *Meeting-House*,

'Tis true, quoth he, we ne're come there,

Because, w' have let them out by th' year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine

What wondrous things they will engage in,

That as your Fellow Fiends in Hell,

Were Angels all before they fell:

So you are like to be agen,
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.

*Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy Scholar, in this Mystery,
And therefore first desire to know,
Some Principles, on which you go ;
What makes a Knave, a Child of God,
And one of us ? — A Livelyhood,
What renders beating-out of Brains,
And murther Godlineß ? — Great gains.
What's tender Conscience ? — 'Tis a Borch,
That will not bear the gentlest touch,
But breaking out, dispatches more,
Then th' Epidemical't Plague-Sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others ? — To be paid.
What's Orthodox, and true Believing
Against a Conscience ? — A good living.*

What

What makes Rebelling against Kings?

A Good Old Cause? Adminiftrings.

What makes all Doctrines Plain and Clear?

About two Hundred Pounds a Year.

And that which was prov'd true before,

Prove false again? Two Hundred more.

What makes the Breaking of all Oaths

A Holy Duty? Food, and Cloaths.

What Laws, and Freedom, Persecution?

Bring out of Pow'r and Contribution.

What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?

A Dean, and Chapter, and white Sleeves?

And what would serve if those were gone,

To make it Orthodox? Our own.

What makes Morality a Crime,

The most Notorious of the Time?

Morality, which both the Saints,

And wicked too, Cry out against?

'Cause Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin :

And therefore no true Saint allows,
They should be suffered to espouse.

For Saints can need no Conscience
That with Morality dispense ;

As vertue's impious, when 'tis Rooted
In Nature onl' and not Imputed.

But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know nor care to do.

What's Liberty of Conscience,

I'th Natural and Genuine Sense?

'Tis to restore with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient Purity :

And Christian Liberty Reduce,
To th' Elder Practice of the *Jews*.

For a large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.

*It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones :
Nick Machiavel had ne're a trick,
(Though he gave his Name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these,
That pass i'th World, for Holiness.*

This said, the Furies, and the Light,
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight ;
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of Brimstone, and his own.

The *Queen of Night*, whose large command
Rules all the Sea, and half the Land ;
And over moist, and crazy Brains,
In high Spring-tides, at Midnight, Reigns.

Was now declining to the West,
To go to Bed, and take her rest.
When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his Bones; that soft repose ;
Lay still expecting worse, and more,
Stretch'd out at length, upon the Floor:
And though he shut his Eyes as fast,
As if h' had been to sleep his last :
Saw all the shapes, that Fear, or Wizards,
Do make the Devil, wear for Vizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to heark,
If he could hear too, in the dark ;
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
These trembling words. *Unhappy Wretch,*
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch ?
Or all thy tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brother-hood o'th' Blade ?

*By Santring still on some Adventure,
And Growing to thy Horse a Centaure?
To stuff thy Skin with Swelling Knobs,
Of Cruel and hard wooded Drubs?
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,
As well in Conquest as defeat.*

*Night is the Sabaoth of Mankind
To rest the Body and the Mind.*

*Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.*

The Knight who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him, this Reprimand

Because the Character did hit

Point Blank upon his Case so fit

Believ'd it was some Drolling Sprite

That staid upon the Guards that Night,

And one of those h' had seen and felt

The Drubs he had so freely dealt.

When

When after a short pause and Grone;

The Doleful Spirit thus went on.

This 'tis t'ingage with Dogs and Bears;

Pelmel together by the Ears.

And after Painful Bangs and Knocks,

To lye in Limbo in the Stocks :

And from the Pinnacle of Glory;

Fall Headlong into Purgatory.

(Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,

That on my late Disasters Rallies)

Condemn'd to Whipping but declin'd it;

By being more Heroick-minded,

And at a Riding handled worse;

With Treats more Slovenly and course.

Ingag'd with Fiends in Stubborn Wars,

And hot Disputes with Conjurers.

And when th' hadst bravely won the day,

Wast fain to steal thy self away.

(I see, thought he, this Shameless Elf,
Would fain steal me too from my self)

That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done.

*And now but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with Vengeance the same way.*

Thought he, how does the Devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to do?

His Office of Intelligence.

His *Oracles* are ceast long since :

And he knows nothing of the Saints,

But what some treacherous Spy acquaints :

This is some Pettifogging Fiend,

Some under door-keepers Friends Friend.

That undertakes to understand,

And juggles at the Second Hand :

And now would pass for *Spirit Po*,

And all Mens Dark Concerns foreknow.

I think

I think I need not fear him for't,
These *Rallying Devils* do no hurt.
With that He rouz'd his drooping Heart
And hastily cry'd out, *What art?*
A Wretch (Quoth he) whom want of Grace,
Has brought to this unhappy Place.
I do believe thee, Quoth the Knight,
Thus far, I'm sure, Th' art in the Right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee.
Better than thou hast guest of me.
Thou art some *Paultry Black-Guard Sprite*
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,
That hast no work to do in th' House,
Nor *Half-penny* to drop in *Shoes*,
Without the Raising of which Sum,
You dare not be so Troublesome,
To Pinch the Slatterns black and blew,
For leaving you their Work to do.

This is your Business Good *Pug Robin*;
And your Diversion, dull *Dry Bobbing* :
T' intice *Fanaticks* in the Dirt,
And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't.
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry Jest you laugh aloud.
As now you would have done by me,
But that I bar'd your Rallery.

Sir, (Quoth the Voice) I' are no such Sophy,
As You would have the World judge of Ye,
If You design to weigh our Talents,
I th' Standard of Your own false Ballance :
Or think it possible to know,
Us Ghosts, as well as we do you.
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of Your Drubs and Basting :

And

And never left you in Contest

With Male or Female, Man or Beast,

But prov'd as true t^h ye, and intire

In all adventures as your Squire.

Quoth he, that may be said as true,

By th' Idlest *Pug* of all your Crew :

For none could have betraid us worse,

Than those Allyes of ours and yours.

But I have sent him for a Token

To your Low Countrey *Hogen Mogen*,

To whose Infernal Shores I hope

He'l swing like Skippers in a Rope.

And if y' have been more just to me,

(As I am apt to think) than he ;

I am afraid it is as true,

What th' Ill-affected say of you :

Y' have spous'd the *Covenant* and Cause

By holding up your *Cleven Paws* :

*Sir, Quoth the voice, 'Tis true I grant,
We made and took the Covenant.*

But that no more concerns the Cause

Than other Perj'ries do the Laws:

Which when th' are prov'd in open Court

Wear wooden Peccadilio's for't.

And that's the Reason Cov'nanters

Held up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.

I see, Quoth Hudibras, from whence

These scandals of the Saints commence:

That are but Natural Effects

Of Satans Malice and his Sects.

Those Spider Saints, that hang by Threads

Spun out of th' Entrails of their Heads.

Sir, Quoth the Voice, that may as true

And properly be said of you:

Whose Talents may compare with either,

Or both the other put together.

*For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd them to.
You who are not content alone,
With Tricks to put the Devil down :
But must have Armies rais'd to back
The Gospel work you undertake.
As if Artillery, and Edge Tools,
Were th' only Engines to save Souls.
While He, poor Devil, has no Pow'r
By Force to Run down and Devour.
Has nere a Classis, cannot sentence
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance.
Is ty'd up only to design,
T' Intice, and Tempt, and Undermine ;
In which you all his Arts out-do,
And prove your selves his Betters too.
Hence'tis Possessions do leß evil
Than mere Temptations of the Devil :*

*Which all the Horridst Actions done,
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon ;
Because unless you help the Elf,
He can do little of himself ;
And therefore where he's best Possess,
Acts most against his Interest.
Surprises none, but those wh' have Priests,
To turn him out, and Exorcists,
Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,
And Magaz'nes of Ammunition :
With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
Beads, Pictures, Rosaries and Pixes :
The Tools of working out Salvation,
By meer Mechanick Operation:
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
To overflow all Avenues.
But those, wh' are utterly unarm'd,
I oppose his Entrance if he storm'd.*

He

*He never offers to surprise,
Although his falsest Enemies.
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to Trudge.
For where are all your Forfeitures,
Intrusted in safe hands but ours?
Who are but Fylors of the Holes,
And Dungeons, where you clap up Souls.
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys,
T' your Mittimus Anathemas:
And never Boggle to Restore
The Members you deliver o're
Upon Demand, with fairer Justice,
Than all your Covenanting Trustees:
Unleß to punish them the worse,
You put them in the secular Pow'rs,
And pass their Souls, as some demise,
The same Estate in Mortgage twice.*

When

When to a Legal Utlegation

You turn your Excommunication,

And for a Groat unpaid, that's due,

Distrain on Soul and Body too.

Thought He, 'Tis no mean part of Civil,

State Prudence, to Cajol the Devil,

And not to handle him too Rough,

When h' has us in his Cloven Hoof,

'Tis true, Quoth He, that intercourse

Has past between your Friends and ours,

That as you trust us in our way,

To raise your Members and to lay :

We send you others of our own,

Denounc'd to hang themselves, or Drown,

Or frighted with our Oratory,

To leap down headlong many a story.

Have

Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts, to further
Your great designs of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are Nam'd from Blood,
We onl' have made that Title good,
And if 't were but in our Power,
We should not scruple to do more.

And not be half a Soul behind,
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.

*Right, Quoth the Voice, And as I scorn
To be ungrateful in return,*

Of all those kind good Offices,

I'll free you out of this Distress:

And set you down in safety, where

It is no time to tell you here.

The Cock crows and the Morn draws on,

When'tis Decreed I must be gone,

And

*And if I leave you here till Day,
You'll find it hard to get away,
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' Inchant'd Hero out.
And try'd with haste to lift him up,
But found his Forlorn Hope, his Croop :
Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows,
Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes :
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like Gresham Carts, with Legs for Wheels.
But fear that soonest cures those Sores,
In danger of Relapse to worse ;
Came in t' assist him with its Aid,
And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge :
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the Vehicle, his Back.*

And

And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With some few Rubs against the Wall :
Where finding out the Postern lock'd
And th' *Avenues* as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,
And in a Moment gain'd the Pass.
Through which he drag'd the worsted Soldiers,
Fore quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders :
And cautiously began to Scout,
To find their Fellow-Cattle out.
Nor was it half a Minutes Quest,
Ere he retriev'd the Champions Beast,
Ty'd to a Pale instead of Rack,
But ne're a Saddle on his Back ;
Nor Pistols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the Night too steal away,

But in a trice advanc'd the Knight,
Upon the *Bare Ridge*, Bolt upright;
And groping out for Ralpho's Jade;
He found the Saddle too was fraid:
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he speedily leap'd up:
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He Kick'd and Cudgel'd on amain:
While Hudibras with equal haft,
On both sides, laid about as fast,
And spur'd as Jockies use, to break,
Or Padders to secure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*:
To hold forth their Declining State,
Which now come near an Even Rate:

The ARGUMENT of the
SECOND CANTO of the Third Part.

*The Saints engage in Fierce Contests,
About their Carnal Interests :
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace,
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel left them in a Storm ;
Till in th' Effigie of Rumps, the Rabble,
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

CANTO II.

THe Learned Write, *An Insect Breeze,*
Is but a Mungrel Prince of *Bees,*
That Falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founders of his House ;
From whose Corrupted Flesh, that Breed
Of Vermine, did at first proceed :

So ere the Storm of war broke out
Religion spawn'd a various Rout,
Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts,
That first Run all Religion down,
And after every swarm its own.
For as the *Persian Magi* once,
Upon their *Mothers*, got their *Sons*;
That were incapable t' enjoy,
That Empire any other way ;
So *Presbyter* begot the other,
Upon the *Good Old Cause* his Mother.
That bore them like the Devils Dam,
Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.
And yet no Nat'ral Tye of Blood,
Nor Int'rest for the common good,
Could when their Profits interfer'd
Get Quarter for each others Beard.

For

For when they thriv'd they never fag'd
But only by the ears engag'd:
Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,
And play together when th' have none:
As by their truest Characters
Their Constant Actions plainly appears:

Rebellion now began for lack
Of *Zeal* and *Plunder* to grow slack;
The *Cause* and *Covenant* to lessen,
And Providence to b' out of Season:
For now there was no more to purchase
O'th' Kings Revenue and the Churches;
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on:
Which forc'd the Stubbornst for the Cause,
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws;

That what by breaking them, th' had gain'd
By their Support, might be maintain'd
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lye,
Secur'd against the *Huon-cry*.
For *Presbyter* and *Independent*,
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant* :
Laid out their Apostolick Functions,
On Carnal Orders and *Injunctions*,
And all their Precious Gifts and Graces,
On outlawries, and *Scire facias*.
At *Michaels Term* had many a Tryal,
Worse than the *Dragon* and *St. Michael* :
Where thousands fell in shape of Fees,
Into the *Bottomless Abyss*.
For when, like Brethren and Friends,
They came to share their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to Possess,
His Church and State Joynt-Purchases,

In which the Ablest Saint and Best,
Was Nam'd in Trust by all the Rest,
To pay their Money, and instead
Of ev'ry Brother pass the Deed:
He freight converted all his Gifts,
To pious Frauds and holy Shifts,
And settled all the others Shares,
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs*.
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And past upon his Conscience,
By *Pre-intail of Providence*.
Impeach'd the Rest for Reprobates,
That had no Titles to Estates;
But by their Spiritual Attaints,
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
This being reveal'd; They now begun
With Law and Conscience to fall on,

And laid about as hot and Brain-sick,
As th' *Utter Barrister of Swanswick*.
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As men with Sand-bags did of Old:
That brought the Lawyers in more fees,
Than al' un sanctify'd Trustees:
Till he who had no more to show
I'th' Case, receiv'd the overthrow:
Or both sides having had the worst,
They Parted as they met at first.

Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd
Secluded, and Cashier'd, and Chews'd,
Turn'd out, and Excommunicate,
From all Affairs of Church and State.
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant.

To strowl and teach from Town to Town,
And those he had taught up, Teach down,
And make those uses serve agen,
Against the New-inlightned Men.
As fit, as when at first, they were
Reveal'd against the *Cavalier* :
Damn *Anabaptist*, and *Fanatick*,
As Pat as *Popish*, and *Prelatick*,
And with as little variation,
To serve for any Sect i'th' Nation.

The good old Cause, which some believe
To be the Dev'l that tempted *Eve*,
With Knowledge, and does still invite
The World to Mischiefe with new light,
Had store of Money in her Purse,
When he took her for bett'r or worse.

But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independents* whose first station,
Was in the *Rere of Reformation*,
A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once :
And in the Saddle of one Steed,
The *Sarazen and Christian* rid.
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Murther*.
No sooner got the Start to lurch,
Both Disciplines of *War* and *Church*,
And Providence enough to Run
The Chief Commanders of 'em down :
But carried on the War against
The Common Enemy oth' Saints :

And

And in a while, Prevail'd so far,
To win of them the Game of War ;
And be at Liberty once more,
T' Attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all Reduc'd and overcome
Except their worst, themselves at home :
Wh' had compact all they Praid and swore ;
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for.
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all things, but their Laws and Hate.
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoils of all th' had ransackt.
To Botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion, and the Government,

They met no sooner, but Prepar'd
To pull down all the War had spar'd;
Agreed in Nothing, but t' Abolish,
Subvert, Extirpate, and Demolish.
For Knaves and Fools being near of Kin,
As *Dutch-Boors* are t' a *Sooter-Kin*,
Both Parties joyn'd to do their best,
To Damn the Publick Interest.
And Hearded only in consults,
To put by one anothers Bolts:
T' outcant the Babylonian Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers.
And tug at both ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim:
So those who play a *Game of State*,
And only *Cavil* in Debate.

Although

Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The Publick Business is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to Ruine.

This when the *Royallists* perceiv'd,
Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd:
And own'd the Right, they had paid down
So Dearly for, *The Church and Crown*.

Th' united Constanter, and Sided,
The more, the more their Foes divided.

For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War, Run down:

Their Duty never was defeated,
Nor from their Oaths and Faith Retreated:

For Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the Game:

True as a Dial to the Sun,

Although it be not shin'd upon.

But

But when these Brethren in evil,
Their *Adversaries*, and the *Devil*,
Began once more, to shew them Play,
And Hopes, at least to have a day,
They Rallied in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes :
Conven'd at midnight in out-Houses,
T' Appoint *New-Rising Rendezvous*,
And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd,
No sooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party started
And as if Nature too in haste,
To furnish out Supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd Destructions,
T' a New and Numerous Production :
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their Room,

That

That like the Christian Faith, increast
The more, the more they were Suppress'd.
Whom neither *Chains* nor *Transportation*,
Proscription, *Sale*, nor *Confiscation*,
Nor all the desperate events,
Of Former try'd Experiments,
Nor wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling,
To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*:
Nor Death with all his Bones affright
From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
From staking Life and Fortune down.
'Gainst all together for the Crown:
But kept the Title of their Cause,
From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws,
And prov'd no Prosp'rous Usurpation
Can ever settle on the Nation:
Until in spight of Force and Treason
They put their Loy'ty in Possession,

And

And by their Constancy and Faith,
Destroyed the Mighty Men of *Gath*.

Toss'd in a Furious *Hurricane*,
Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign*;
And was believ'd as well by Saints,
As Moral Men and Miscreants,
To Founder in the Stygian Ferry.
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry*:
Who in a false Erroneous Dream,
Mistook the *New Jerusalem*:
Prophanely, for th' *Apochryphal*,
False Heaven, at the *End o'th' Hall*:
Whither, it was decreed by Fate,
His Pretious Relicks to Translate,
So *Romulus* was seen beforc,
B' as Orthodox a *Senator*;

From

From whose Divine Illumination,
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him, his Son and *Heir Apparent*;
Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent* :
Who first, laid by the *Parliament*,
The only *Crutch* on which *he leant*,
And then Sunk underneath the *State*,
That Rode him above *Horseman's Weight*;

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an *Empire all of Kings* :
Deliver'd from th' *Ægyptian Awe*,
Of Justice, Government, and Law.
And free t' erect what *Spiritual Cantons*,
Should be reveal'd, Or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,

To Edify upon the Ruines
Of *John* of *Leidens* old out-goings;
Who for a Weather-Cock hung up;
Upon their *Mother Churches* Top;
Was made a Type by Providence;
Of all their Revelations since :
And now fulfill'd by his Successors;
Who equally mistook their measures ;
For when they came to shape the *Model*;
Not one could fit anothers Noddle.
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fadging, than th' un sanctified.
While ev'ry Individual Brother
Strove hand to fist against another:
And still the Maddest and most Crackt;
Were found the busiest to Transact.
For though most Hands dispatch'd apace;
And *make light work* (the Proverb says)

Yet many different Intellects,
Are found t' have contrary Effects:
And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,
As slowest Insects have most Leggs.

Some were for setting up a King,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King *Jesus* ; others tamper'd
For *Fleetwood*, *Desborough*, and *Lambard*;
Some for the *Rump*, and some more crafty,
For *Agitators*, and *the Safety* ;
Some for the Gospel, and Massacres,
Of *Spiritual Affidavit makers*.

That swore to any Humane Regence
Oaths of Supremacy and *Allegiance*.
Yea though the Ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls oth' Covenant.

Others

Others for Pulling down th' High Places
Of *Synods*, and *Provincial Glasses*;
That us'd to make such Hostile Inroads;
Upon the Saints; like Bloody *Nimrods*;
Some for Fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Extirpation of th' Excise;
And some against th' *Ægyptian Bondage*;
Of *Holy-days*, and *Paying Poundage*,
Some for the Cutting down of *Groves*;
And Rectifying Bakers Loaves:
And some for finding out Expedients,
Against the Slav'ry of Obedience:
Some were for *Göspel-Ministers*;
And some for *Red-Coat Seculars*:
As Men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
And wield the one, and th' other *Sword*;
Some were for carrying on the Work,
Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk*:

Some for engaging to suppress,
The *Camisado of Surplices*,
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' *Outward Men the Inward*;
More proper for the Cloudy Night,
Of *Popery*, than *Gospel Light*.
Others were for Abolishing,
That Tool of Matrimony, a *Ring*,
With which th' un sanctify'd *Bridegroom*,
Is marry'd only to a *Thumb*;
(As wise as Ringing of a Pig,
That is to break up ground and Dig)
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
That Nuls the After marriage still.
Some were for th' utter Extirpation
Of *Linsy-Woolsy* in the Nation.
And some against all Idolizing
The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*;

Others to make all things Recant
The *Christian*, or *Sirname of Saint*.
And force all *Churches, Streets, and Towns*,
The *Holy Title* to Renounce ;
Some 'gainst a *Third Estate of Souls*,
And bringing down the Price of Coals :
Some for Abolishing Black-Pudding,
And eating nothing with the Blood in :
To Abrogate them, Roots and Branches,
While others were for *Eating Haunches*,
Of Warriors, and *now and then*,
The *Flesh of Kings*, and *Mighty Men* :
And some for Breaking of their Bones,
With Rods of Ir'n, by *Secret ones*.
For Thrashing Mountains, and with Spels,
For Hallowing Carriers Packs, and Bells.
Things that the *Legend* never heard of,
But made the wicked fore afraid of.

The Quacks of Government, who fate
At th' unregarded *Helm of State* ;
And understood, this wild Confusion
Of Fatal Madnefs, and Delusion,
Must sooner than a Prodigie,
Portend Destruction to be nigh;
Consider'd timely, how t' withdraw;
And save their Wind-pipes from the Law ;
For one Rencounter at the Bar,
Was worse than all, th' had scap'd in War ;
And therefore met in Consultation,
To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation :
Not for the sickly Patients sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take:
To feel the Pulses of their Fees,
More wise than fumbling Arteries :
Prolong the snuff of Life in pain,
And from the Grave Recover——*Gain* :

'Mong these there was a *Politician*,
With more heads than a *Beast in Vision*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one,
Than all the *Whores of Babylon*:
So politick, as if one eye
Upon the other were a Spy;
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both strove to blink:
And in his dark Pragmatick Way,
As Busie as a Child at Play.
H' had seen three Governments Run down,
And had a Hand in ev'ry one,
Was for 'em, and against 'em all,
But Barb'rous when they came to fall:
For by *Trapanning* th' old to Ruine,
He made his Int'rest with the New one.
Plaid true and faithful, though against
His Conscience, and was still advanc'd;

For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion,
Transform'd t' a feeble *Statè Camelion*,
By giving aim from side, to side,
He never fail'd to save his Tide,
But got the start of ev'ry State,
And at a Change, ne're came too late.
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways, as in a Lath,
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' highest Trust, and out, for New ;
For when h' had happily incur'd
Instead of Hemp, to be prefer'd,
And past upon a Government
He play'd his trick and out he went,
But being out, and out of hopes,
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would strive to raise himself, upon
The publick ruine, and his own ;

So little did he understand
The Desp'rate Feats he took in hand,
For when h' had got himself a Name
For Fraud, and Tricks ; He spoyld his Game
Had forc'd his Neck into a Noose,
To shew his Play, at fast and loose,
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For Art, and Subtlety, His Luck,
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his wit,
And both together most Profound
At Deeds of Darknes under ground :
As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd
By vermine Impotent and Blind.

By all these Arts, and many more
H' had practic'd long and much before,

Our *State-Artificer* foresaw,
Which way the World began to draw:
For as *Old Sinners* have all Poynts
O'th' Compass in their Bones and Joynts,
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the wind;
And better than by *Napiers Bones*,
Feel in their own the Age of Moons:
So guilty Sinners in a State,
Can by their Crimes Prognosticate
And in their Consciences feel Pain,
Some days before a Show'r of Rain,
He therefore wisely cast about,
All ways he could, t' *insure his Throat*;
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What Courtes other Riflers took:
And to the utmost do his Best
To Save himself and Hang the Rest.

To match this Saint, there was another,
As buſie, and perverſe a Brother,
An Haberdasher of ſmall Wares,
In Politicks, and State-affairs :
More Jew then *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel :
For when h' had taught his Tribe, to Spouſe
The Cauſe, aloft, upon one Houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in Order
But try'd another, and went further,
Suddenly addiſted ſtill
To's only principle, *His Will* :
That whatſoe're it chanc'd to prove,
No force of Argument could move :
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'bürn*,
Could render half a grain leſs ſtubborn ;

For he, at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity *t'harangue*
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Then miss his dear delight, to wrangle,
In which his Parts were so accomplisht
That right, or wrong, he ne're was non-plust.
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease :
And with it's Everlasting Clack,
Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to Pickere,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in *Controversie* :
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing ;
With Volleys of Eternal Babble,
And clamour, more unanswerable.

For though his *Tòpiques* Frail and Weak,
Could nere amount above a Freak :
He still maintain'd 'em like his Faults,
Against the Desperat'st Assaults ;
And back'd their Feeble want of Sense,
With greater Heat and Confidence :
As Bones of *Hectors* when they differ,
The more th' are *Cudgel'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
Yet when his Profit moderated,
The fury of his Heat abated :
For nothing but his Interest,
Could lay his Devil of Contest.

It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curse*,
T' espouse the Cause, for *Bett'r* or *Worse* :
And with his worldly Goods and wit,
And *Soul* and *Body* worship'd it :

But when he found the fullen *Trapes*
Posselt with th' *Devil, Worms and Claps* ;
The *Trojan Mare* in Fole with *Greeks*,
Not half so full of *Fadish Tricks* ;
Though Squemish in her outward woman,
As loose and Rampant as *Dol common* :
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
T' Adhere, and Cleave the Obstinater :
And still the skittisher and looser,
Her Freaks appear'd, to fit the Closer :
For *Fools are Stubborn in their way* :
As *Coyns are hardned by th' Allay* :
And obstinacy's ne're so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

These two, with others, being met
And close in Consultation set :

After a discontented pause
And not without sufficient cause,
The Oratour we mention'd late,
Less troubled with the pangs of State :
Then with his own impatience,
To give himself first Audience.
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the *Ice*.

Quoth he, there's nothing makes me doubt,
Our last *Out-goings* brought about,
More then to see, the Characters,
Of real *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Members Forehead :
Who, cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,

Feel Pangs, and Aches, of *State-turns*,
And *Revolutions* in their *Corns*.

And since our *workings-out* are crost,
Throw up the Cause, before 'tis lost.

Was it to run away, we meant,

Who taking of the *Covenant*,

The lamest Cripples of the Brothers,

Took Oaths, to run before all others ;

But in their own sense only swore

To strive to run away before ?

And now would prove, the *Words*, and *Oath*,

Engage us to renounce them both ?

'Tis true ! the cause is in the lurch,

Between a right, and Mungrel-Church :

The *Presbyter*, and *Independent*,

That stickle, which shall make an end on't.

As 'twas made out to us, *the last*

Expedient—— I mean *Margrets Fast* :

When

When Providence had been suborn'd,
What answer was to be return'd:
Else why should Tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through?
And understand as well to *Tame*,
As when they serve our turns t' *inflame*.
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whose Frenzies must be Reconcil'd,
With *Drums* and *Rattles* like a Child:
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us:
For all our *Scouring of Religion*,
Began with Tumults and Sedition:
When *Hurricanes* of Fierce Commotion,
Became strong Motives to *Devotion*:
(As Carnal Sea-men in a Storm,
Turn Pious Converts, and Reform.)

When

When Rusty weapons with chalk'd Edges,
Maintain'd our Feeble Priviledges :
And brown Bills, Levied in the City,
Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee :
When Zeal with Aged Clubs and Gleaves,
Gave chase to *Rockets* and *White Sleeves*,
And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
Submit t' old Iron and the Cause.
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we know how as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need.
Tumults, by which the Mutinous,
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The Hollow Hearted *Disaffected*,
And *Close Malignant* are detected :
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to secure our own,

And

And freely sacrifice their Ears;
T' appease our Jealousies, and Fears:
And yet for all these Providences,
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses;
We idly sit; like stupid Blockheads;
Our hands committed to our Pockets.
And nothing, but our Tongues, at large,
To get the Wretches a discharge.
Like Men condemn'd to *Thunderbolts*
Who, e're the Blow, became meer Dolts ;
Or Fools besotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes.
And neither have the hearts to stay;
Nor wit enough to run away.
Who, if we could resolve on either
Might stand, or fall (at least) together.
No mean, nor trivial solaces,
To Partners, in extreme distress:

Who

Who use to lessen their Despairs;
By parting them int' equal shares :
As if the more there were to bear;
They felt the weight the easier :
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more, he took his turn among.

But 'tis not come to that, as yet;
If we had Courage left, or wit.
Who, when our *Fate* can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course ;
Have time to Rally, and Prepare
Our last, and best defence, *Despair*;
Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats,
Have been atchiev'd in greatest straits :
And horridst dangers safely wav'd,
By b'ing Courageously out-brav'd.

As wounds, by wider wounds are heal'd,
And Poysons, by themselves, expel'd.
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, *Men* ;
And not so dully desperate,
To side, against our selves, with Fate.
As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then, turn'd over.

This comes of *Breaking Covenants*,
And setting up *Exauns of Saints*,
That Fine, like Aldermen, for *Grace*,
To be excus'd the *Efficace* ;
For Spiritual Men are too *Transcendent*,
That mount their Banks, for *Independent*.
To hang like *Mahomet*, in th' *Air*,
Or St. *Ignatius*, at his Prayer,

By Pure *Geometry*, and hate
Dependence, upon *Church*, or *State*,
Disdain the *Pedantry o'th' Letter*,
And since obedience is better,
(The *Scripture* says) then *Sacrifice*,
Presume the less on't, will suffice.
And scorn, to have the moderat'st stints,
Prescrib'd their peremptory *Hints* :
Or any opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in *Doctrinals* :
But left at large to make their best on,
Without being call'd to account, or question.

Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As *Whittington* explain'd the Bells ;
And bid themselves, turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New-Jerusalem,

But look so big, and *Over-grown*,
They scorn their Edifiers t' own.
Who taught them all their *sprinkling Lessons*,
Their Tones, and sanctify'd expressions,
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity, on those, that want.
And learn'd th' *Apocryphal Bigots*,
T' inspire themselves with *Short-hand Notes*,
For which they scorn, and hate them worse,
Than Dogs and Cats do Sowgelders:
For who first bred them up to *Pray*,
And teach the House of Commons way?
Where had they all their *gifted Phrases*,
But from our *Calamy's* and *Cases?*
Without whose *Sprinkling* and *Sowing*,
Who e're had heard of *Ny* or *Owen?*
Their dispensations had been stilled,
But for our *Adoniram Bifield*,

And had they not begun the War,
Th' had ne're been Sainted as they are.
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwined down to Reprobate:
Their Zeal corrupts like standing Water,
In th' Intervals of war and slaughter:
Abates the sharpness of its Edge,
Without the *Pow'r of Sacrilege*:
And though th' have Tricks to cast their Sins,
As easie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In Peace they turn mere Carnal Men,
And from the most Refin'd of Saints,
As Naturally grow Miscreants,
As *Barnacles* turn *Soland-Geese*,
In th' Islands of *the Orcades*.
Their Dispensation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked.

With whom, their greatest difference,
Lies more in words, and shew, then sense :
For as the *Pope*, that keeps the Gate
Of *Heaven*, wears three Crowns in state ;
So he that keeps the Gate of *Hell*,
Proud *Cerberus*, wears three Heads, as well.
And, if the World has any troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their *Spiritual Gizzards* are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Feavers still, like other Goats,
For though the Whore bends Hereticks,
With Flames of Fire, like crooked sticks,
Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,
Th' hotter th' are, they grow the stiffer:
Still setting-of, their spiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious feuds,

For Zeal's a dreadful *Termagant*,
That teaches Saints to *Tear, and Rant*.
And *Independents*, to profess
The Doctrine, of *Dependences* :
Turns meek, and sneaking *Secret ones*,
To *Raw-heads fierce*, and *Bloody Bones* :
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked, and their Morals ;
The *Gibellins*, for want of *Guelfs*,
Divert their rage upon themselves :
For now the War is not between
The Brethren, and the Men of sin :
But *Saint, and Saint*, to spill the Blood,
Of one anothers Brotherhood ;
Where neither side can lay pretence
To *Liberty of Conscience*,
Or zealous *suffring for the Cause*,
To gain one Groats-worth of Applause.

For though endur'd with *Resolution*,
'Twill ne're amount to *Persecution*,
Shall Precious Saints and *Secret ones*,
Break one anothers outward Bones?
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
Instead of Kings and Mighty men?
When Fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves?
When *Bell's* at union with the *Dragon*,
And *Baal-Peor* Friends with *Dagon*,
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall *Secret ones* lug *Saints* by th' *Ears*?
And not Atonę their Fatal wrath,
When common Danger threatens both?
Shall Mastives by the Collars pull'd,
Ingag'd with Bulls, let go their hold?
And Saints whose Necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the Danger take?

But though no Pow'r of *Heaven or Hell*,
Can Pacifie *Phanatick Zeal* :
Who would not guess there might be hopes,
The Fear of *Gallowses and Ropes*,
Before *their Eyes* might Reconcile
Their Animosities a while ?
At least until th' had a *Clear Stage*,
And equal Freedom to Ingage :
Without the Danger of Surprise,
By both our common Enemies ?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their *Workings-out*,
And know 'em both in *Soul and Conscience*,
Giv'n up t' as *Reprobate a Non-sence*,
As Spiritual Out-laws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne're Restore.

We whom, at first, they set up under,
In Revelation only of *Plunder*,
Who since have had so many Tryals
Of their encroaching *Self-denyals*,
That rook'd upon us with design
To *Out-Reform, and Undermine* :
Took all our Interests and Commands
Perfidiously, out of our hands,
Involv'd us in the *Guilt of Blood*,
Without the *Motive-gains* allow'd,
And made us serve as *Ministerial*,
Like younger Sons of *Father Belial*.

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong,
Th' had done us, and the Cause, so long,
We never fail'd, to carry on
The work still, as we had begun ;

But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither *Preach'd them hurt, nor Pray'd* :
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the *Cavaliers* :
Nor put them to the charge of *Gaols*,
To find us *Pillories*, and *Carts-tails*,
Or *Hangmans Wages*, which the *State*
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,
That cut like *Tallies*, to the *Stamps*
Our Ears for keeping true accounts :
And burnt our Vessels, like a *New-*
Seal'd Peck, or *Bushel*, for *b'ing true*.
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held forth the Cause, against all others
Disdaining equally to yield
One Syllable, of what we held :
And though we differ'd now and then,
'Bout outward things, and outward Men :

Our inward Men and *Constant Frame*
Of *Spirit*, still were near the same.
And till they first began to *Cant*,
And *Sprinkle down the Covenant* ;
We ne're had *Call* in any Place,
Nor Dream'd of Teaching down *Free-grace*.
But joyn'd our Gifts perpetually,
Against the Common Enemy :
Although 'twas ours and their Opinion,
Each others Church was but a *Rimmon*,
And yet for all this *Gospel Union*,
And outward shew of *Church Communion*,
They'd ne're admit us to our shares,
Of Ruling *Church* or *State Affairs* :
Nor give us leave t' *absolve*, or *sentence*
T' our own Conditions of Repentance.
But shar'd our *Dividend o'th' Crown*,
We had so painfully *Preach'd down*.

And

And forc'd us though against the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Justice to Restore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before,
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay :
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our *Temporal Salvation* :
And put our Vessels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play :
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about.
And that our only Suffering,
Is able to bring in the King :
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
And therefore may pretend t' a share,
At least in *Carrying on* th' Affair :

But

But whether that be so, or not,
W' have done enough, to have it thought
And that's as good, as if w' had don't,
And easier past upon account.
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The World is Nat'rally averse
To all the truth, it Sees or Hears,
But swallows Non-sense, and a Lie,
With Greediness, and Gluttony ;
And though it have, the Pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong :
As Women long, when th' are with Child
For things extravagant and wild :
For Meats ridiculous, and fulsome,
But seldom, any thing that's wholesome ;
And like the World, *Mens Fobbernoles*,
Turn round upon their *Ears, the Poles* ;

And

And what th' are confidently told,
By no sense else, can be controul'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
Once more, to *Hedge-in Providence*,
For as *Relapses* make Diseases
More desp'rate then their first Accesses,
If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our work is easier then before,
And we more *Ready and Expert*,
I'th' Mystery, to do our Part.

We, who did rather undertake
The *First War* to create, then make:
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd *Funds*, as strange to carry't on ;
Trepan'd the State, and fac'd it down,
With Plots, and Projects of our own :

And

And if we did such Feats at first,
What can we now w' are better vers'd?
Who have a Freer Latitude,
Then Sinners give themselves allow'd:
And therefore likeliest to bring in
On fairest Terms our Discipline.
To which it was Reveal'd long since;
We were ordain'd by Providence:
*When Three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
The Causes Primitive Confessors,
B'ing Crucified, The Nation stood
In just so many years of Blood:
That multiply'd by Six, exprest
The Perfect Number of the Beast.
And Prov'd that we must be the Men,
To bring this work about agen:
And those who laid the first Foundation
Compleat the thorow Reformation:*

For who have Gifts to carry on,
So great a work but we alone?
What Churches have such *Able Pastors*?
And Precious; Powerful, *Preaching Masters*?
Possess with absolute Dominions,
O're *Brethrens Purses, and Opinions*?
And trusted with the *Double Keys*
Of Heaven, and their Ware-Houses:
Who when the Cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what Sums they Please;
That Brooding lye in *Bankers* hands;
To be Dispos'd at their Commands:
And daily increase and Multiply,
With Doctrine, Use, and Usury.
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattle are.)
From th' Enemy of all Religions;
As well as High and Low Conditions,

And share them from *Blew Ribands* down,
To all Blew Aprons in the Town.

From Ladies hurried in *Calleches*,
With Cornets at their Footmens Breeches,
To Bawds as fat as *Mother Nab*,
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.

Our Party's great, and better ty'd,
With *Oaths* and *Trade* than any side :

Has one considerabl' Improvement,
To double Fortifie the Cov'nant :

I mean our Covenant to Purchase
Delinquents Titles and the Churches :

That Pass in Sale, from *Hand to Hand*,
Among our Selves, for *Current Land*.

And Rise or Fall, like *Indian Actions*,
According to the Rate of Faitions :

Our best *Reserve* for Reformation,
When *New-outgoings* give occasion :

That keeps the Loyns of Brethren Girt;
Their Covenant (*their Creed*) t' assert :
And when th' have Pack'd a *Parliament*;
Will once more try th' Expedient;
Who can already Muster Friends
To serve for Members to our Ends :
That Represent no part o'th' Nation;
But *Fishers Folly Congregation* :
Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
And fit like Geese, to hatch our Eggs :
Who by their Precedents of Wit,
T' out-fast, out-loiter and out-fit :
Can order Matters under hand.
To put all Bus'ness to a stand :
Lay *Publick Bills* aside, for *Private*;
And make 'em one another *Drive out*
Divert the *Great and Necessary*,
With Trifles to contest and vary

And make the Nation *Represent*;
And serve for us, in *Parliament*,
Cut out more work then can be done,
On *Plato's Year*, but finish none
Unless it be the *Bulls of Lenthall*
That always past for *Fundamental*.
Can set up *Grantee*, against *Grantee*.
To squander *Time away*, and *Bandy*.
Make *Lords and Commons* lay sieges
To one another's *Priviledges* ;
And rather then compound the quarrel
Engage, to th' inevitable peril,
Of both their ruines ; th' only scope
And consolation of our hope ;
Who though we do not play the Game.
Assist as much, by giving aim.
Can introduce our ancient Arts,
For Heads of *Factions*, t' act their parts.

Know what a *Leading-Voice* is worth,
A *Seconding*, a *Third*, or *Fourth*,
How much a *Casting-Vote* comes to
That turns up Trump, of I, or No ;
And by adjusting all, at th' end,
Share ev'ry one his *Dividend*,
An Art, that so much study cost
And now's in danger to be lost ;
Unless our ancient *Virtuoso's*,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.
These are the Courses, that we took
To carry things, by *Hook, or Crook* :
And practic'd down from *Forty four*,
Until they turn'd us out of Door,
Besides the Herds of *Bontefens*,
We set on work, without the House.
When ev'ry *Knight, and Citizen*
Kept *Legislative Fourney-men*,

To bring them in Intelligence,
From all Points of the Rabbles Sense:
And fill the Lobbys of both Houses,
With Politick Important Buzzes:
Set up Committees of *Cabals*,
To pack designs without the Walls:
Examine and draw up all News,
And fit it to our present use.
Agree upon the Plot o'th' *Farce*,
And every one *his Part Rehearse*.
Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay
What th' other Parties like to say:
What *Repartees* and *smart Reflections*,
Shall be return'd to all Objections.
And who shall break the *Master-jest*,
And *what*, and *how*, upon the Rest:
Help Pamphlets out, with *safe Editions*,
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions:

And

*And Treason for a Token send,
By Letter to a Country Friend.
Disperse Lampoons, the only wit,
That Men, like Burglary Commit :
Wit, falser than a Padders Face,
That all its owner does, betrays :
Who therefore dare not trust it, when
He's in his Calling, to be seen.
Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Discord forth.
Be sure to keep up Congregations
In Spight of Laws and Proclamations,
For Chiarlatans can do no good,
Until th' are Mounted in a Crowd :
And when th' are Punish'd ; All the Hurt,
Is but to fare the better for't :
As long as Confessors are sure
Of double Pay for all th' endure :*

And what they earn in *Persecution*,
Are paid t' a Groat in *Contribution*.
Whence some *Tub-holders-forth* have made
In *Powdring-Tubs*, their richest Trade :
And while they kept their Shops in Prison,
Have found their Prices strangely risen.
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the *Christian Blood*, w' have let ;
'Twil save our credit, and maintain
Our Title, to do so again :
That needs not cost one *Dram of Sense*,
But *Pertinacious Impudence* :
Our constancy t' our Principles
In time, will wear out all things else,
Like Marble Statues, rub'd to pieces,
With *Gallantry* of Pilgrim's kisses :
While those who turn, and wind their Oaths,
Have swell'd, and sunk like other *Froths*.

Prevail'd a while : but 'twas not long,
Before from *World to World* they swung :
As they had turn'd from side, to side,
And as the Changelings lived they died.

This said ; the impatient *States-Monger*
Could now contain himself no longer,
Who had not spar'd to shew his Piques,
Against th' *Haranguers Politicks* ?
With smart remarks of *Leering Faces*
And Annotations of Grinashes,
After h' had ministred a Dose
Of *Snuff-Mundungus*, to his Nose :
And Powder'd th' inside of his Soul,
Instead of th' outward Jobbernoll :
He shook it, with a scornful look
On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke.

In Dressing a Calves Head, Although
The Tongue and Brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange, if ever they come near:
For who did ever play his Gambols,
With such unsufferable Rambles?
To make the Bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, *One Thing?*
Which none can do, but those who swore
T' as *Point-Blank Nonsense* heretofore:
That to *Defend* was to *Invade*,
And to *Assassinate*, to *Aid*:
Unless because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to Restore
And bring him in but on your Score.
A *Spiritual Doctrine*, that Conduces
Most properly, *to all your Uses.*

T'is true, *A Scorpions Oyl is said*
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made ;
And Weapons drest with Salves, Restore ;
And heal the hurts they gave before :
But whether *Presbyterians* have
So much *Good Nature* as the *Salve :*
Or *Virtue* in them as the *Vermine,*
Those who have try'd 'em can **Determine.**
Indeed, 'Tis pity you should miss
Th' *Arrears* of all your *Services,*
And for th' *Eternal Obligation,*
Y' have laid upon th' *Ungrateful Nation :*
Be us'd s' unconscionable *Hard,*
As not to find a *Just Reward.*
For letting *Rapin* loose, and *Murther,*
To *Rage* just so far, *but no further :*
And setting all the *Land* on *Fire,*
To burn t' a *Scantling, but no higher :*

For ventring to *Assassinate*,
And cut the Throats of *Church and State*;
And not be allow'd the fittest Men,
To take the charge of both agen.
Especially, that have the *Grace*,
Of Self-denying, *Gifted Face* ;
Who when your Projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them with undaunted Fore-head,
On those you painfully trepan'd,
And sprinkled in at second hand.
As we have been to share the guilt,
Of Christian Blood devoutly spilt ;
For so our Ignorance was flam'd
To damn our selves, t' avoid being damn'd :
Till finding your old Foe, the Hangman,
Was like to lurch you at *Back-gammon*;
And win your Necks, *upon the Set*,
As well as Ours, *who did but Bet*.

For he had drawn *your Ears before,*
(And Nick'd 'em, on the self-same score :)
We threw the Box, and Dice away,
Before y' had lost us, at *foul Play* :
And brought you down to *Rook, and Lye,*
And Fancy, only on the By.
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernolls,
From perching upon lofty Poles :
And rescued all your *Outward Traytors*
From hanging up like *Alegators* :
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
Your *Presbyterian* gratitude :
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one *Rope* behind.
Those were your motives, to divide,
And scruple, on the other side,
To turn your zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conscience, and Remorse.

To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for New again :
For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
Than *Maggots are convinc'd to Flies* :
And therefore all your *Lights* and *Calls*;
Are but *Apocryphal and Fals*,
To charge us with the Consequences,
Of all your Native insolences.
That to your own *Imperious Wills*,
Laid *Law and Gospel Neck and Heels* :
Corrupted the Old Testament;
To serve the New for Precedent :
T' amend its Errors and Defects;
With Murther and Rebellion Texts :
Of which there is not any one,
In all the Book to sow upon :
And therefore from (your Tribe) the Jews
Held Christian Doctrine forth and Use :

As *Mahomet* (your Chief) began,
To mix them in the *Alchoran* :
Denounc'd, and Pray'd, with *Fierce Devotion*,
And bended Elbows on the Cushion :
Stole from the Beggars, *All your Tones*,
And Gifted Mortifying *Groans* :
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are said to see the Wind :
Fill'd *Bedlam* with *Predestination*,
And Knights-Bridge with Illumination :
Made Children with your Tones to *Run for't*,
As bad as *Bloody Bones* or *Lunsford*.
While women great with Child, Miscarri'd,
For being to Malignants marry'd :
Transform'd all Wives to *Dalilahs*,
Whose Husbands were not *For the Cause* :
And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattle,
Because they came not out to Battle :

Made Taylors Prentices *turn Heroes*;
For fear of being *transform'd to Meroz*;
And rather forfeit their Indentures
Then not espouse the Saints Adventures.

Could *Transubstantiate, Metamorphose*;
And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like *Orpheus*:
Inchant the *Kings, and Churches Lands*;
T'obey, and follow, your Commands :
And settle on a *New Free-hold*,
As *Marcley-hill* had done of Old:
Could turn *The Covenant, and Translate*
The Gospel, into Spoons, and Plate,
Expound upon all *Merchants Cashes*,
And open th' *Intricatest Places* :
Could *Catechise* a Money-Box,
And prove all *Powches Orthodox*,

Until the Cause became a *Damon*,
And *Pythias*, the wicked *Mammon*.

And yet in spite of all your Charms
To conjure *Legion* up, in Arms,
And raise more Devils in the Rout;
Then e're y' were able to cast out :
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those Fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own Schools,
Who though but gifted at *your Feet*,
Have made it plain ; they have more Wit:
By whom you have been so oft trepan'd,
And Held-forth out of all command :
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done;
And out-reveal'd, at carryings-on,
Of all your Dispensations Worm'd
Out-Providenc'd, and out-Reform'd.

*Ejected out of Church, and State,
And all things, but the Peoples hate :
And spirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments ;
By those who lodg'd their Gifts, and Graces
Like better Bowlers in your Places
All which you bore, with Resolution
Charg'd on th' Accompt of Persecution;
And though, most righteously oppress'd,
Against your Wills, still Acquiesce :
And never Hum'd, and Hab'd Sedition,
Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision.
That is because you never durst,
For had you Preach'd, and Pray'd your worst :
Alas, you were no longer able
To raise your Posse of the Rabble :
One single Red-Coat Sentinel;
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell,*

And with his *Squirt-fire*, could disperse
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse:
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers:
Or trust our *Safeties*, or *Undoings*,
To your *Disposing*, of *Outgoings*;
Or to your *ordering Providence*,
One Farthings-worth of Consequence.

For had you pow'r, to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence, to Trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man,
There's nothing else, that intervenes,
And bars your zeal, to use the means.
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:

Brave Undertakers to *Restore*,
That could not keep your selves in Pow'r :
T' advance the *Intrests of the Crown*,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (*for I'd be loth*
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in *Both* ;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As *Grace is introduc'd by Sin*,
For 'twas your *zealous want of sense*,
And Sanctify'd Impertinence:

Your carrying business in a Huddle
That forc'd our Rulers, to *New-model*,
Oblig'd the State to tack about
And turn you Root, and Branch, all out
To Reformato One, and All,
T' your *Great Croyfado General* :

Your greedily flav'ring to devour
Before, 'twas in your Clutches, *Pow'r*.
That sprung the Game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the Net:
Your spight to see the Churches Lands
Divided into other hands.
And all your *Sacrilegious ventures*
Laid out on *Tickets, and Debentures* ;
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By Under Churches, in the Town.
And no course us'd to stop their Mouths
Nor th' *Independents* spreading Growths:
All which consider'd, 'tis most true
None bring him in so much as you.
Who have prevail'd, beyond *their Plots,*
Their Midnight Funtos, and seal'd knots,
That thrive more by your zealous Piques
Then all their own rash Politicks.

Ayd this way you may claim a share,
In carrying (as you brag) *Th' affair*,
Else Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the Jews
From *Pharo, and his Brick-kills*- loose :
And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,
From Task-Masters, and slavery :
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any indifrent Man's conceit ;
For who e're heard of *Restoration*,
Until your *thorough Reformation*,
That is the Kings, and Churches Lands
Were Sequestred int' other hands ?
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were opened to restore.
And when the work was carrying on,
Who crost it, but your selves alone ?
As by a World of hints, appears,
All plain, and extant, as your Ears :

But first o'th' first ; *The Isle of Wight*
Will rise up, if you should deny't ;
Where *Hinderson, and th' other Masses*
Were sent to Cap Texts, and Put Cases :
To pass for deep, and *Learned Scholars,*
Although but Paltry, *Ob-and-Sollers :*
As if th' unseasonable Fools,
Had been a *Coursing in the Schools ;*
Until th' had prov'd, *The Devil Author*
O'th' Covenant, and the Cause his Daughter :
For when they charg'd him, with the guilt
Of all the Blood, that had been spilt :
They did not mean, He wrought th' effusion,
In Person, like Sir Pride, and Hughson :
But only those, who first begun
The Quarrel, were by him set on.
And who could those be, but the Saints,
Those *Reformation-Termegants ?*

But e're *This* past ; the wise Debate
Spent so much time it grew too late :
For Oliver had gotteen ground,
T' enclose them, with his Warriors, round.
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd the untimely Sophists out.
Nor had the *Uxbridge bus'ness* less
Of Non-sence in't, and sottishness,
When from a *Scoundrel Holder forth,*
The Scum, as well as Son o'th' Earth,
Your *Mighty Senators* took Law
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw ;
And sacrifice the Peace o'th' Nation,
To *Doctrine, Use, and Application.*
So when the *Scots, your constant Cronyes,*
Th' Espousers of your Cause, and Monies :
Who had so often, in your Aid,
So many ways been soundly paid ;

Came in at last, for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty Friends,
You basely left them, and the Church,
Th' had train'd you up to, *in the lurch* :
And suffer'd your *own Tribe of Christians*,
To fall before as true Philistines.
This shews, what Utensils y' have been ;
To bring the King's concernments in ;
Which is so far from being true,
That none but *He*, can bring in you.
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just :
Such as will punctually *Repay*
With double Interest, and Betray.

Not that I think those *Pantomimes*,
Who vary Action, with the Times :

Are less ingenuous in their Art,
Then those, who dully *Act one Part*,
Or those who turn from Side, to Side,
More guilty, then the Wind, and Tide.
All Countries are a Wife-mans home,
And so are Governments to some
Who change them for the same Intrigues,
That State-Men use in breaking Leagues :
While others in *Old Faiths, and Troths*,
Look odd, as *Out-of-Fashion'd Cloaths* :
And Nastier, in an *Old Opinion*,
Then those, who never shift *their Linnen*.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever, the Game goes :
And whether Parties, loose or win,
Is always *Nick'd, or else hedg'd in*.

While Pow'r usurp'd like stoln delight,
Is more bewitching then the right.
And when the Times begin *to Alter*,
None rise so high as *from the Halter*.

And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary means
And not your usual *Stratagems*,
On one another, Lights, and Dreams.
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant, on Crutches
'Gainst those, who have us in their Clutches,
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w' are sure, to prop our own:
Your constant *Method of Proceeding*,
Without the *Carnal means of Heeding*:

Who 'twixt your *Inward sense, and Outward,*
Are worse, then if y' *had none, Accoutred.*

I grant, all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in, again :
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, How ?
'Tis true ! w' have Money, th' *only Pow'r,*
That all Mankind falls down before ;
Money, that like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last reason of all things ;
And therefore, need not doubt our Play
Has all advantages, that way
As long as Men have *Faith to sell,*
And meet with those that can *Pay well.*
Whose half-starv'd *Pride, and Avarice,*
One *Church, and State* will not suffice,

T' *expose to Sale* ; Beside the Wages,
Of storing Plagues to after Ages.
Nor is our Money less our own,
Then 'twas, before we laid it down :
For 'twil return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in Play upon't :
Or but by *Casting Knaves* get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win ?
We know the Arts, we us'd before,
In *Peace and War*, and something more :
And by the unfortunate events,
Can mend our next experiments.
For when w' are taken into trust,
How easie, are the wisest choust ?
Who see but th' out-sides of our Feats,
And not their secret Springs and Weights,
And while th' are *busie at their Ease*,
Can carry what designs, we please :

How easie i't to serve for *Agents*,
To prosecute our old Engagements ?
To keep the good Old Cause on Foot
And present Power from taking root ?
Inflame them both, with false Alarms;
Of Plots, and Parties, taking Arms :
To keep the Nations wounds too wide,
For healing up of Side to Side.
Profess the passionat' *st Concerns*,
For both their Interests by *Turns*.
The only way t' improve our own
By dealing faithfully with none.
(As Bowls Run true, by being made
Of Purpose False, and to be sway'd)
For if we should be true to either,
T' would turn us out of both together :
And therefore have no other means,
To stand upon our own Defence ;

But keeping up our *Antient Party*
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty :
To Reconcile our late Dissenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Venters,
Unite them, and their Different Maggots.
As long, and Short Sticks, are in Faggots.
And make them Joyn again, as Close,
As when they first began t' Espouse ;
Erect them into Separate,
New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State ;
To Joyn in *Marriage and Commerce* :
And only among themselves, *Converse* .
And all, that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to All Mankind
Take All Religions in, and Stickle,
From *Conclave down to Convienticle* .
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.

Sometimes, for *Liberty of Conscience*
And *Spiritual Mis-rule, in one Sense*:
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary :
And stand for, as the times will bear it;
All contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect *their Emissaries*, Impower'd
To Preach *Sedition, and the Word*;
And when th' are hamper'd by the Laws;
Release the Lab'ers for the Cause;
And turn the Persecution back,
On those, that made the first Attack:

To keep them equally in awe;
From *breaking, or maintaining Law* ;
And when they have their Fits too soon,
Before the *Full-tides* of the Moon :

Put off their zeal, t' a fitter season,
For sowing Faction in, and Treason :
And keep them hooded and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating *on their Perches*.
That when the blessed time shall come
Of quitting *Babylon; and Rome*;
They may be ready to restore
Their own *Fift-Monarchy*, once more ;
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence
Against *Revolts of Providence* ;
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind-sides of it, as they happen :
For if success could make us Saints,
Our Ruine turn'd us *Miscreants* :
A scandal that would fall to hard
Upon *A Few*, and unprepared.

These are the courses we must run,
Spight of our Hearts, or be undone :
And not to stand on Terms, and Freaks,
Before we have secur'd our Necks.
But do our work, as out of sight,
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night :
All Licence of the people own,
In opposition, to the Crown.
And for the Crown, as fiercely side,
The *Head* and *Body*, to divide,
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind :
Be sure to spare no *Publick Rapine*,
On all emergencies, that happen ;
For 'tis as easie to supplant
Authority, as Men in want :

As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand, with the other Trade ;
Gam'd vastly, by their *Foynt-endeavour*,
The Right a Thief, *the Left* Receiver ;
And what the one, by tricks *Fore-stal'd* ;
The other, by as sly, *Retail'd*.
For Gain has wonderful effects
T' improve the Factory of Sects :
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
And great *Diana* of the Ephesians :
Whence turning of Religion's made,
The means, to *Turn, and wind a Trade*.
And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a Course :
And draw in store of Customers
To thrive the better in Commerce
For all Religions, flock together,
Like *Tame*, and *Wild-Fowl* of a Fether,

To nab the Itches of their Sects :
As Jades do one anothers Necks.
Hence 'tis ; Hypocrisie, as well,
Will serve t' improve a Church, as zeal :
As Persecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.

Let Buſineſs like Ill watches, go,
Some time too faſt, ſometime too ſlow,
For things in order, are put out
So eaſie, *Eaſe it ſelf, will do't.*
But when the Feat's deſign'd, and meant,
What Miracle can bar th' event ?
For 'tis more eaſie to betray,
Then ruine any other way.

All poſſible occaſions ſtart,
The weighty'ſt matters to divert :

Obstruct, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,
And lay Perpetual Trains to wrangle :
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good, nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply :
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our Hooks for greater Trust.

But still be careful *to cry down*
All publick Actions, though our own,
The least miscarriage aggravate
And charge it all, *upon the State :*
Express the horridst detestation,
And pitty the distracted Nation.
Tell stories, *Scandalous, and False,*
Pth' proper Language of *Cabals :*

Where all a subtle Statef-man fays,
Is half in Words, and half in Face:
(As Spaniard talk in *Dialogues,*
Of Heads, und Shoulders, Nods, and Shrugs)
Entruft it under folemn vows
Of *Mum*, and *Silence*, and the *Rofe*
To be Re-tail'd again in whifpers
For th' eafie credulous, to difperfe.

Thus far the Satef-man. When a Shout,
Heard at a diftance, put him out,
And ftrait another all agaft,
Rufh'd in with equal Fear, and Haft :
Who ftar'd about, as pale as death,
And for a while, *as out of Breath*,
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits.

That beastly Rabble, — that came down
From all the Garrets — in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards — in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd Bills — and rusty Arms,
To cry the Cause — up, heretofore,
And Baul the Bishops — out of Door,
Are now drawn up, — in greater Shoals,
To Roast — and Broil us on the Coals :
And all the Grandees — of our Members
Are Carbonading on — the Embers ;
Knights, Citizens, and Burgessees —
Held-forth by Rumps — of Pigs, and Geese.
That serve for Characters — and Badges,
To represent their Personages.
Each Bone-fire is a *Funeral Pile*,
In which, they *Roast, and Scorch, and Broil* ;

And ev'ry Representative
Have vow'd to *Roast — and Broil alive,*
And 'tis a miracle, we are not
Already, sacrific'd Incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and Jar,
W' are Grilly'd all at *Temple-Bar,*
Some, on the Sign-Post of an Ale-house,
Hang in Effigy, on the Gallows,
Made-up of Rags, to personate
Respective Officers of State ;
That henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the work is carrying on,
Be ready list'd under *Dun,*
That worthy Patriot, *once the Bellows,*
And Tinder-box, of all his Fellows.
The activ'st Member of the *Five,*
As well as the most Primitive,

Who

Who for his faithful service, then ;
Is chosen for a *Fift* agen,
(For since the State has made a *Quint*
Of Generals, he's lifted in't)
This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in specie, his own way ;
For moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dunghils hereabouts :
He's mounted on a *Hazel Bavin*,
A Cropt malignant Baker gave 'em.
And to the largest Bonfire, riding
Th' have Roasted *Cook* already, and *Pride-m*.
On whom in Equipage, and State,
His scare-crow fellow-Members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at *Thanksgivings*, th' us'd to do
Each in a tatter'd *Talismane*,
Like *Vermine* in *Effigie slain*.

But

But (what's more dreadful then the rest)
Those Rumps are but the *Tayl o'th' Beast*,
Set up by *Popish Engineers*,
As by the *Crackers* plainly appears :
For none, but Jesuits, have a Mission,
To Preach the Faith with Ammunition ;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown-up Souldier :
These *Spiritual Pioneers o'th' Whores*,
That have the charge of all her stores ;
Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
To take in Heav'n, by springing Mines ;
And with unanswerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder dispute their quarrels :
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the Rabble,

And blow us up, in th' open streets ;
Disguis'd in Rumps, like *Sambenites*,
More like to ruine, and confound,
Then all their Doctrines *under-ground*.

Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss
For Symbols of State-mysteries
Though some suppose, 'twas but to shew,
How much they scorn'd the Saints, *The Few*,
Who, 'cause th' are wasted to the Stumps
Are represented best by Rumps :
But Jesuits have *deeper reaches*
In all their *Politick Far-fetches*,,
And from their *Coptick-Priest, Kirkerus*,
Found out this Mysttick way to jeer us.

For as the *Ægyptians us'd by Bees*,
T' express their *Antick Ptolomies*,

And

*And by their Stings, the Swords they wore
Held-forth Authority and Pow'r :
Because these subtile Animals
Bear all their Intrests in their Tails,
And when th' are once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well order'd State :
They thought, all Governments were best
By Hieroglyphick Rumps, exprest.*

*For as in Bodies Natural,
The Rump's the Fundament of all,
So in a Common-wealth, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the Helm,
With which, like Vessels under Sail,
Th' are turn'd and winded by the Tail.
The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer
Their courses with, through Sea and Air*

To whom, the *Rudder of the Rump*, is
The same thing with the *Stern*, and *Compass*;
This shews, how perfectly, the Rump,
And Common-wealth in Nature jump ;
For as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Rests with his Tail above his Head :
So in this Mungril *State of ours*;
The Rabble are the Supream Powers.
That Hors'd us on their Backs to shew us
A Jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The Learned *Rabins of the Jews*,
Write there's a Bone, which they call *Luez*,
I'th' Rump of Man, of such a virtue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to,
And therefore, at the last great Day,
All th' other Members shall, *they say*,

Spring out of this, as from a Seed;
All forts of Vegetals proceed,
From whence, the *Learned Sons of Art*
Os Sacrum, justly stile that part:

Then what can better represent,
Than this Rump-bone, *the Parliament* ?
That after several *Rude Ejections*,
And as *Prodigious Resurrections*,
With new Reversions of nine Lives
Starts up, and like a Cat Revives ?

But now, alas, th' are all expir'd,
And *Th' Hosue*, as well as *Members*, fir'd ;
Consum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out :
Condemn'd t' un-governing distrefs,
And Paultry, Private wretchedness:

Worse than the *Devil to Privation*,
Beyond all hopes of Restoration ;
And parted like the Body, and Soul,
From all Dominion, and Controul.

We, who could lately, with a look,
Enact, Establish, or Revoke ;
Whose *Arbitrary Nods* gave Law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;
Before the bluster of whose huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm flew off.
Ador'd and bow'd to, by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and valet.
Had more bent knees, then *Chappel-Mats*,
And Prayers, then the Crowns of Hats.
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For *Rume's* just as low, as high,

Which

Which might be suffer'd; were it all
The horreur, that attends our fall :
For some of us, have scores more large,
Then *Heads and Quarters* can discharge.
And others who by *Restless scraping*
With *Publick Frauds*, and *Private Rapine*,
Have mighty heaps of Wealth amass'd
Would gladly lay down all, at last,
And to be but undone, Entail
Their Vessels on perpetual Jayl,
And bless the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worse terms.

This said, *A near and louder shout*
Put all th' Assembly to the Rout,
Who now begun t' out-run their fear,
As Horses do, from those they bear :

But crouded on, with so much haſt;
Until th' had block'd the paſſage faſt;
And Barricadoed it with *Haunches*,
Of *outward Men, and Bulks, and Paunches* :
That with their Shoulders, ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a *Crippl'd piece*;
Of all their cruſh'd, *and broken Members*;
Then have them *Grillied on the Embers* :
Still preſſing-on, with heavy packs,
Of one another, on their Backs,
The Van-guard could no longer bear
The charges, of the *Forlorn-Rere*,
But born down head-long by the Rout;
Were trampled ſorely under-foot.
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable,
As the *horrid Cookery of the Rabble* :
And fear that keeps all feeling out,
As leſſer pains are, by the *Gout*,

Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly ;
And beat a *Tuscan running Horse*,
Whose Jocky-Rider is *all Spurs*.

HUDIBRAS

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and last Part.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire's Prodigious flight;
To quit th' Enchanted Bow'r, by Night,
He plods to turn his amorous Suit,
To a Plea in Law, and prosecute :
Repairs to Counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the Enterprise,
But first resolves to try by Letter;
And once more, fair Address, to get her.*

CANTO III.

WHo would believe, what strange Bug-bears
Mankind creates it self, of Fears?
That spring like Fern, that Insect-weed
Equivocally, without seed;

And have no possible Foundation,
But merely in th' Imagination :
And yet can do more Dreadful Feats,
Than Hags with all their *Imps and Teats* :
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their *Nurseries of Elves*.
For fear do's things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which :
Sets up communities of Senses.
To chop and change Intelligences,
As *Rosi-crusian Virtuoso's*,
Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses* ;
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than Both supply'd by Fear.
That makes 'em in the dark see *Visions*,
And hag themselves with *Apparitions* :
And when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest Objects best.

Do things not contrary alone
To th' course of Nature but its own :
The courage of the Bravest Daunt
And turn Pultreons as valiant ;
For men as Resolute appear,
With too much as too little Fear :
And when th' are out of hopes of Flying,
Will run away from death by dying :
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled like Lions, Rout.
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who by the Furies left Perdue.
And haunted with Detachments, sent
From *Marshal-Legions Regiment*,
Was by a *Fiend*, as Counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Rescu'd with a Cheat :
When nothing but himself and fear
Was both the *Imps* and *Conjurer* :

As by the Rules o'th' *Virtuosi*,
It follows in due *Form of Poesie*.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight :
At *Blind Mans Buff*, to grope his way,
In equal fear, of *Night and Day* :
Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
He knew no better than his Horse,
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of Speed :
Disabled both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away, *his best*,
To keep the Enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.

And though with kicks, and bangs, he ply'd
The further, and the nearer side,
(As *Seamen* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Rowed the Horse*;
And when the Hackney Sails most swift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a drift*)
So though he posted e're so fast,
His fear was greater then his *hast* :
For fear, though fleetier then the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began to appear,
And shift t' *another Scene* his fear;
He found his new officious *shade*,
That came so timely to his Aid :
And forc'd him from the Foe t' escape,
Had turn'd it self, to *Ralpho's shape*.
So like in *Person, Garb, and Pitch*,
'Twas hard t' interpret *which was which*.

For *Ralpho* had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convoy'd him out of sight,
To entertain the Approaching Knight.
And while he gave himself Diversion,
T'accommodate his *Beast and Person*,
And put his *Beard* into a posture,
At best advantage to accost her,
She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,
(For his Reception) *aforesaid*,
But when the Ceremony was done,
The *Lights* put out, and *furies* gone,
And *Hudibras* among the Rest,
Convey'd away as *Ralpho* guest,
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,

And tell his Story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an Elf.
And did so still till he began,
To scruple at *Ralphs* outward man:
And thought because they oft agreed,
T' appear in one anothers stead,
And act the *Saints* and *Devils* part,
With undistinguishable Art.
They might have done so now perhaps,
And put on one anothers Shapes?
And therefore to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him and cry'd out.
What art? My Squire or that bold Sprite,
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some Busie Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?

*Alas, quoth he, I'm none of those,
Your Bosom Friends, as you suppose,
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Wh' has drag'd your Dun-ship out o'th' Mire,
And from the Enchantments of a Widow
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beast, have freed you.
And though a Prisoner of War,
Have brought you safe, where now you are,
Which you would gratefully Re-pay,
Your constant Presbyterian way.
That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger,
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, Th' Infernal Conjurer
Pursu'd, and took me Prisoner,
And knowing you were here about,
Brought me along, to find you out
Where I in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said and did :*

And

And, though they lay to him, the Pageant:

I did not see him, nor his Agent,

Who plaid their Sorceries out of sight

T' avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But didst thou see no Devils then?

Not one (quoth he) but carnal Men.

A little worse than Fiends in Hell

And that she-Devil Fezabel,

That Laugh'd, and Tee-he'd with derision,

To see them take your Deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he,

That plaid the Dev'l to examine me?

A Rallying Weaver, in the Town,

That did it in a Parsons Gown,

Whom all the Parish takes for gifted,

But for my part I ne're believ'd it.

*In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats,
Deny'd your whipping and confest
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the Reverend writer
That to our Churches veil'd his Miter.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgel'd me to under-write,
What made thee, when they all were gone
And none, but thou, and I alone,
To Act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me, of my hellish Fear?
Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate
And Frame of Sp'rite, too obstinate,
To be, by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives, of my own:
And therefore strove to Counterfit,
The Dev'l awhile, to Nick your wit.*

*The Devil, that is your constant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye ,
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.*

The Knight who now began to find
Th' had left the Enemy behind ;
And saw no farther harm remain,
But feeble weariness and pain ;
Perceiv'd by losing of their way,
Th' had gain'd th' Advantage of the Day,
And by declining of the Rode.

They had by chance their Rere made good.
He ventur'd to dismiss his *Fear*,
That parting's wont to *Rant and Tear*.
And gives the desperat'st Attack,
To danger still behind its Back.

For having paws'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly,
And when no Dev'l had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd ?
It put him in so fierce a Rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage,
Toft like a Foot-ball back again,
With *shame, and vengeance, and disdain ;*

Quoth he, *It was thy Cowardise,*
That made me from this Leaguer rise ;
And when I had half-reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base.
Was better cover'd, by thy New-
Arriv'd Detachment then I knew :

*To flight my new-Acquests, and run
Victoriously, from Battles won.
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper then they cost.
To make me put my self to flight :
And Conqu'ring, run away, by Night.
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
Durst never have presum'd to do.
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse.
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms, and Equipage,
Lest if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might the unequal Fight renew.
And, to preserve thy outward Man,
Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.*

AR

*All this, quoth Ralph, I did; 'tis true;
Not to preserve my self, but you:
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs;
Then Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs
To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worse
Then managing a wooden Horse:
Drag'd out through straiter Holes, by th' Ears;
'Eras'd, or Coup'd, for Perjurers.
Who though the Attempt had prov'd in vain
Had had no reason to complain,
But since it prosper'd 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your Ransome:
And rescued your obnoxious Bones,
From unavoidable Batoons.
The Enemy was Re-inforc'd,
And we disabled, and unhors'd:*

Disarm'd;

*Disarm'd, unqualified for fight
And no way left, but hasty flight.
Which, though as desperate in th' attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.*

*But were our Bones in fit condition,
To re-inforce the Expedition.
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
To think of falling on, again:
No Martial project to surprize;
Can ever be attempted twice,
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters tear their losing Cards.
Beside, our bangs of Man, and Beast;
Are fit for nothing now but rest.
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable.*

*And therefore I with reason chose
This stratagem, t' amuse our Foes.
To make an honourable Retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat :
For those that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely Running's no mean part
Of conduct, in the Martial Art.
By which some glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They seem to draw-off, and recoil.
Is held the gallantest course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest :
That spares the expence of time, and pains,
And dangerous beating out of Brains.
And in the end prevails ; as certain
As those that never trust to fortune.*

But

*But make their Fear do execution,
Beyond the stoutest Resolution,
As Earth-quakes kill, without a blow,
And only trembling overthrow.
If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest Men,
That only sav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e're be won
If ev'ry one would save but one?
Or fight indanger'd to be lost
Where all resolve to save the most?
By this means when a Battle's won,
The War's as far from being done:
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go half's at least in the Victory:
And sometime, when their loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all:
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazets;*

*And when for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun :
Have don't with Bonfires, and at home
Made Squibs, and Crackers overcome.*

*To set the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governours from blame,
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells,
And though reduc'd to that extream,
They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum,
Yet with Religious Blasphemy
By flattering Heaven, with a Lie,
And for their Beating, giving thanks,
Th' have raisd recruits, and fill'd their Banks.
For those who run from the Enemy,
Engage them equally, to fly,*

And

*And when the fight becomes a chace,
Those win the day, that win the Race ;
And that which would not pass in Fights,
Has done the Feat with easie flights,
Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign,
With Burdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign.
Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine, and Aqua-vitæ.
And made them stoutly overcome,
With Bacrack, Hocamore, and Mum,
Whom, the uncontroul'd decrees of Fate
To Victory necessitate.
With which although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return :
Or else, their Sultan-Populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.*

*Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What Fights thou mean'st at Sea, and Land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day:
Although the Rabble souc'd them for't,
O're Head, and Ears, in Mud and Dirt.
Tis true, our Modern way of War
Is grown more politick by far,
But not so resolute, and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the old.
For now they laugh, at giving Battle
Unless it be to Herds of Cattle:
Or fighting convoys of Provision,
The whole design of the Expedition.
And not with down-right blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:*

*As Fighting in all Beasts of Prey,
And Eating, are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn Guts to Death,
And those atchieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down.
There's now no Fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to Famine.
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine.
But have no need, nor use of courage,
Unless it be for Glory, or Forrage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' Rere:
And forc'd with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,*

*To pick out ground to incamp upon
Where store of largest Rivers run,
That serve instead of peaceful Barriers
To part th' engagements of their Warriors,
Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep.
For Men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted.
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As the ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs,
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their great Allie.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold,}
But who bears hunger best, and cold:
And he's approv'd the most deserving
Who longest can hold out at starving:
But he that routs most Pigs, and Cows,
The formidablest Man of Prowess.*

*So, the Emperour Caligula,
That triumph'd o're the British Sea;
Took Crabs, and Oysters Prisoners,
And Lobsters, 'stead of Curasiers,
Ingag'd his Legions in fierce bustles,
With Perywinkles, Prawns, and Muscles:
And led his Troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallop.
Not like their ancient way of War,
To wait on his triumphal Carr;
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all Wars by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.*

Quoth *Ralph*, by all that you have said
And twice as much that I could add,

'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
Then take this out-of-fashion'd course :
To hope by stratagem to wooe her,
Or waging Battle to subdue her.
Though some have done it in *Romances*,
And bang'd them into *Amorous Fancies*,
As those, who won the *Amazons*,
By wanton drubbing of their bones :
And stout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride,
By courting of *her back, and side*.
But since those times and Feats are over,
They are not for a *Modern Lover* :
When *Mistresses* are too cross-grain'd,
By such addresses, to be gain'd :
And if they were, would have it out,
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no course s' infesible
As this of force to win the *Jesabel*.

To storm her heart, by th' Antick charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms,
But rather strive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her.
Your Case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the accord.
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what past between you.
More probable, and like to hold,
Then Hand or Seal, or breaking Gold :
For which so many that renounc'd
Their plighted Contracts have been trounc'd.
And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound :
And that unless I miss the matter,
Is all the business you look after,
Besides, *Encounters at the Bar*,
Are braver now, then those in War.

In which the Law does execution,
With less Disorder and Confusion:
Has more of Honour in't some hold,
Not like the *New way*, but the *Old*.
When those the *Pen* had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with *the Feather*,
And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more then Bullets now of Lead.
So all their Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen.
That does the Feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as Figures.
Is Judge of all the World performs,
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatso'ere's atchiev'd in Fight
Determines which is wrong or right
For whether you *Prevail*, or *lose*,
All must be try'd there in the close.

And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,
What you must trust to, ere y' have done.

The Law, that fittles all you do,
And marries where you did but woove:
That makes the most perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as false, recover:
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon *extend her* for your **Bride**:
And put her *Person, Goods, or Lands*,
Or which you like best int' your hands,

For *Law's* the Wisdom of all Ages
And manag'd by the ablest Sages,
Who though their *bus'ness at the Bar*
Be but a kind of *civil War*,
In which th'ingage with *fiercer Dudgeons*
Then e're the *Grecians did, and Trojans*.

They

They never manage the contest,
T' impair their publick interest,
Or by their controversies, lessen
The dignity of their *Profession* :
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, *The Cause*, and side,
And though w' are all as near of kindred
As th' *outward Man is to the inward* ;
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the flightest fingle fangle,
While Lawyers have more sober sense,
Then to argue at their own expence:
But make their best advantages,
Of other quarrels, like the *Swiss*,
And out of Foraign controversies,
By aiding both sides, *fill their Purses* :
But have no int'rest in the Cause,
For which, th' *ingage, and wage the Laws* :

Nor further Prospect then their *Pay*,
Whether they loose or win the *Day*.
And though th' abounded in all Ages,
With fundry Learned *Clerks, and Sages*.
Though all their business be dispute,
With which they canvass every suit ;
Th' have no disputes about their *Art*
Nor in *Polemicks* controvert.
While all *Professions* else are found,
With nothing but *Disputes* t' abound :
Divines of all sorts, and Physicians,
Philosophers, Mathematicians,
The Gallenist, and Paracelsian,
Condemn the way, each other deals in.
Anatomists Dissect and *Mangle*
To cut themselves out work to wrangle.

Astrologers dispute their *Dreams*:

That in their sleeps they talk of, *Schemes*.

And *Heralds* *stickle*, who got who,

So many hundred years ago.

But Lawyers are too wise a Nation,

T' expose their Trade to Disputation:

Or make the busie Rabble Judges,

Of all their secret Piques, and grudges:

In which whoever wins the day,

The whole Profession's sure to Pay:

Beside, no *Mountebanks*, nor *Cheats*

Dare undertake to do their *Feats*,

When in all other *Sciences*,

They swarm, like *Insects*, and *Increase*:

For what *Bigot* durst ever draw

By *Inward Light*, a Deed in Law?

Or could Hold forth, by *Revelation*;
An *Answer to a Declaration* ?
For those that meddle with their Tools
Will Cut their Fingers, if th' are Fools:
And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Answers, and Reply's:
They'l write a Love-letter in *Chancery*
Shall bring her upon Oath to *Answer ye*;
And soon Reduce her to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life:

The *Knight*, who us'd with *tricks* and *shifts*,
To Edifie, by *Ralphos gifts* :
But in Appearance, cry'd him down;
To make them better seem his own:
(All *Plagiary's* Constant Course
Of *sinking*, when they take a *purse*)

Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him, in Disguise :
And after stubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
And by Transition, fall upon
The Resolution, as his own

Quoth he ; *This Gambol thou Adviseſt ;
Is, of all others, the unwiſeſt ;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing Sillier, nor Vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain, but th' Expence.
To Act againſt my ſelf, and Traverse
My Suit, and Title, to her favors.
And if ſhe ſhould, which heav'n forbid,
O'rethrow me, as the Fidler did.*

What,

*What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst loosing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And go's to Law, to be Reliev'd;
Is Syllier then a sottish Chews,
Who when a thief has Rob'd his house;
Apply's himself to Cunning-men
To help him to his goods agen.
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more, in vain.
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain, by Fair means, worse:
But worst of all, to give her over,
Till she's as Desp'rat to recover.
For bad games are thrown-up too soon,
Until th'are never to be won.*

*But since I have no other course,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse :
He that complies against his Will.
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For Reasons to himself best known,
But 'tis not to be avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue :
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably, first with him.
For I've receiv'd advertisement,
By-times enough, of his intent ;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th' advantage of the business gains.
For Courts of Justice understand
The Plaintiff, to be eldest hand ;
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear :*

*Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful Favor by his place :
And for his bringing custom in,
Has all advantages to win ;
I who Resolve, to oversee
No Lucky opportunity,
Will go to Counsel, to Advise
Which way t'incounter, or surprise.
And after long consideration :
Have found out one to fit th'occasion,
Most apt, for what I have to do,
As Counsellor, and Justice, too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for such a Case.*

*Ad Old Dul Sot ; wh' had told the Clock,
For many years, at Bridewel-Dock.*

At *Westminster*, and *Hickses-hall*,
And *Hiccius-Dockius* play'd in all ;
Where in all *governments*, and *times*,
H'had been both *friend*, and *fo* to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By *hindring justice*, or maintaining :
To many a Whore gave *Priviledge*,
And whip'd, for want of *Quarteridge*,
Cart-loads of Bawd's, to Prison sent
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent.
And many a trusty *Pimp*, and *Croney*,
To *Puddle-dock*, for want of Money.
Ingag'd the *Constable* to cease
All those, that would not break the Peace.
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes *Commoners*, or *Lords* :
And kept 'em Prisoners, of Course,
For being *sober at ill hours*,

That in the Morning he might Free,
Or Bind 'em over, for his Fee.
Made *Monsters Fine*, and *Puppet-plays*,
For leave to practice, in their ways :
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a Share,
With th'*Head-burrow*, and *Scavenger*
And made the Durt ith' Streets Compound,
For taking up the Publick Ground :
The *Kenel*, and the *Kings Highway*,
For being unmolested, Pay.
Let out the *Stocks*, and *Whipping Post*,
And *Cage*, to those that gave him most
Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,
And for *False Weights* on *Chandellers*.
Made *Victuallers*, and *Vintners Fine*
For Arbitrary *Ale*, and *Wine*.
But was a kind and Constant Friend,
To all that *Regularly* offend :

As *Residentary Bawds*,
And *Brokers*, that receive *stoln Goods*;
That cheat in *Lawful Mysteries*,
And pay *Church-duties*, and *his Fees*,
But was *Implacable*, and *Auker'd*
To all that *Interlop'd*, and *Hawker'd*.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Counsel, in his *Law-affairs*,
And found him mounted, in *his Pen*,
With *Books*, and *Money* plac'd, for shew,
Like *Nest-eggs*, to make *Clients lay*
And for his false Opinion, pay :
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his Hat, to put his Case,
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As the other courteously strain'd:

And

And to assure him, 'twas not that,
He look'd for ; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, there is one *Sidrophel*
Whom I have cudgel'd — *Very well.*
And now he brags, t' have beaten me.
Better, and better still, quoth he,
And vows to stick me, to a Wall
Where e're he meets me — *best of all.*
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath,
That I rob'd him --- *Well done in troth.*
When h' has confest, he stole my Cloak,
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took,
Which was the cause, that made me bang him,
And take my Goods again --- *marry hang him:*
Now whether I should, before hand
Swear he rob'd me ? — *I understand*

Or bring my *Action of conversion*
And Trover for my Goods? *Ah Whorson.*
Or if 'tis better to Indite,
And bring him to his Trial? — *Right,*
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him? — *True.*
Or whether he that is Defendant
In this Case, has the better end on't ;
Who putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' Action? — *better still.*
Then there's a Lady too. — *I marry,*
That's easily prov'd accessary.
A Widow, who by solemn Vows,
Contracted, to me, for my Spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all — *Good Lord,*
Suborn'd the aforefaid *Sidrophel,*
To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell.*

Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my Life.—— *Make that appear.*
Made an assault, with Fiends and Men.

Upon my body.—— *Good agen.*

And kept me in a deadly fright
And false Imprisonment all Night,

Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horse,

And stole my Saddle,—— *worse and worse;*

And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,

T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage:

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,

You have as *Good, and Fair a Battery,*

As heart can wish, and need not shame,

The proudest Man alive to claim.

For if th' have us'd you, as you say,

Marry, quoth I, *God give you joy,*

I would it were my Case, I'd give,
More then Ile say, or you'l believe.
I would so trounce her, and her Purse,
I'd make her kneel for *bett'r or worse* ;
For Matrimony, and Hanging here ;
Both go by Destiny so clear, .
That you as sure, may *Pick and Choose*,
As *Cross I win*, and *Pile you loose*.
And if I durst, I would advance
As much, in *Ready Maintenance* ;
As upon any Case I've known,
But we that practice dare not own,
The Law severely *contrabands*,
Our taking business, of *Mens hands* ;
Tis *Common barratry*, that bears
Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears
And crops them, till there is not Leather,
To stick a Pen in, left of either ;

For which, some do the *Summer-fault*
And ore the Bar, like *Tumblers*, vault.

But you may swear at any rate
Things not in Nature, for the State:

For in all Courts of Justice here

A Witness is not said to swear,

But make Oath, that is, in plain terms,

To forge whatever he affirms:

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,

Because 'tis to my purpose pat——)

For Justice, though she's painted blind,

Is to the weaker side, inclin'd

Like charity, else right, and wrong,

Could never hold it out so long

And like blind Fortune, with a flight,

Conveys Mens Interest, and Right,

From Stile's Pocket, into Nokeses;

As easily, as Hocus Pocus.

Plays fast, and loose, makes *Men Obnoxious*,
And *Clear again, like Hiccius-Doctius*
Then whether you would *take her life*,
Or but recover her *for your wife* :
Or be content, with what she has,
And let all other matters Pass,
The Business to the Law's alone,
The Proof is all it look's upon.
And you can want no witnesses,
To Swear to any thing you please :
That hardly get their mere *Expences*
By *th' Labor of their Consciences*,
Or letting out to hire, *their Ears*,
To *Affidavit-customers* :
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for *Fury-men, or Tales*
Although Retain'd in *th'hardest matters*,
Of *Trustees, and Administrators*.

For that, *Quoth he*, Let me alone,
W' have store of such, and all our own ;
Bred-up and tutor'd, *by our Teachers*,
The Ablest of all Conscience-stretchers.
That's well ! *Quoth he*, But I should Guess :
By weighing all Advantages.
Your surest way is first to Pitch
On Bongey, for a *Water-witch* :
And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
Y' have time enough, to deal with her.
In th'Intrim ; Spare for *No Trepan*s,
To draw her Neck, into the *Banes* :
Ply her with *Love-letters*, and *Billets*,
And Bait 'em well, for *Quirks*, and *Quillets*
With Trains t'inveagle, and surprize,
Her Heedless *Answers*, and *Reply's* :
And if she Miss the *Monstrap-Lines*,
They'l serve for other *by-Designs* :

And

And make an *Artist* understand,
To Copy out *her Seal, or Hand*;
Or find voy'd Places in the *Paper*;
To steal in something to *Intrap her*.
Till with her worldly *Goods, and Body*;
Spight of her Heart, she has indow'd ye:

Retain all sorts of *Witnesses*,
That Ply ith' Temples, *under trees*;
Or walk the *Round*, with *Knights oth' Posts*;
About the *Cross-leg'd Knights, their hosts*
Or wait for *Customers*, between
The *Pillar-Rows* in *Lincolns-Inn*.
Where *Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl*;
And *Affidavit-men*, ne're fayl
T'expose to Sale, all *sorts of Oaths*;
According to *their Ears, and Cloaths.*]

Their only *Necessary* Tools,
Besides the Gospel, and *their Souls*.
And when y' are furnish'd with all *Purveys*
I shall be ready, at *your service*.

I would not give, *quoth Hudibras*,
A straw, to understand a *Case*,
Without the admirabler skill
To Wind, and Manage it at Will:
To *Vere*, and *Tack*, and *steer a Cause*,
Against the *Weather-gage of Laws*;
And Ring the Changes upon *Cases*,
As plain, as *Noses* upon *Faces*.
As you have well instructed me
For which you have earn'd (here 'tis) *your Fee*,
I long to practice your advice,
And try the subtle *Artifice*:

To bait a Letter, as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did,
For having pump'd-up all his Wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he Writ.

AN

A N
 Heroical Epistle
 O F
 HUDIBRAS
 T O H I S
 L A D Y.

I Who was once as great as *Cesar*,
 Am, now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezar*.

And from as fam'd a Conquerour,
 As ever took degree in War,
 Or did his *Exercise*, in *battle*,
 By you turn'd out to *Graß with Cattle*.

For since I am deny'd access
 To all my Earthly happiness

Am fallen from the *Paradise*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*
Lost to the World, and you, I'me sent
To Everlasting Banishment
Where all the *Hopes* I had, t' *have won*
Your Heart, being dash'd, will break my own
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom, before you hear,
You'd find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.
That once I made a *Vow to you*.
Which yet is unperform'd 'tis true ;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd* ;
Or if it were, it is no fault
So hainous, as you'd have it thought,
To undergo the loss of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*,

For there's a difference in the case
Between the *Noble*, and the *Base* :
Who always are observ'd t' have don't:
Upon as different an account :
The one for *great, and weighty Cause*;
To save in Honour *ugly Flaws*.
For none are like to do it sooner,
Then those, who are nicest of their Honour.
The other, for *base Gain*, and *Pay*;
Forswear, and *Perjure*, by the Day ;
And make th' exposing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Consciences, a Calling.

It is no *Scandal*, nor *Aspersion*;
Upon a *Great, and noble Person*;
To say, he Nat'rally abhor'd
Th' old fashion'd trick, to keep his Word.

Though 'tis perfidiouſneſs, and ſhame,

In meaner Men, to do the ſame.

For to be able to *Forget*,

Is found more uſeful, to *the Great* :

Then *Gout*, or *Deafneſs*, or *bad Eyes*,

To make 'em paſs for wondrous wiſe.

But though the *Law*, on Perjurers,

Inflicts, the *Forfeiture of Ears* ;

It is not *juſt*, that does exempt

The *Guilty*, and *puniſh the Innocent*,

To make the Ears, repair the wrong

Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue*

And when one Member is forſworn,

Another to be cropt, or torn.

And if you ſhould, as you deſign,

By courſe of Law recover mine.

You're like, if you conſider right,

To Gain but little Honour by't.

For he that for his Ladies sake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs, at *Stake*,
Does not so much deserve her Favour,
As he, *that Pawns his Soul* to have her.
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own:
But sentence, what you rather ought
T' esteem *good Service*, then a *Fault*.
Besides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That *Literal Sense*, the words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
And where the Sense by Custom's checkt,
Are found *void, and of none effect*.
For no Man takes, or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do.
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little,

For as best temper'd Blades are found
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So truest Oaths are still most tough,
And though they *bow*, are *breaking-proof*.
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
In Love a greater Latitude ?
For as the Law of Arms approves
All ways to Conquest, so *should Loves* ;
And not be ty'd to true, or false,
But make that justest, that prevails.

For how can that which is above,
All Empire, *High and Mighty Love*,
Submit it's great Prerogative,
To any other power alive ?
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place
Become the subject of a Case ?

The *Fundamental Law of Nature*,
Be over-rul'd ! by those made after ?
Commit the censure of *its Cause*
To any, but it's own *Great Laws* ?
Love, that's the Worlds preservative,
That keeps all Souls of things alive ?
Controuls the *Mighty pow'r of Fate*,
And gives, *Mankind*, a longer date.
The Life of Nature, that restores,
As fast and *Time*, and *Death* devours,
To whose free gift, the World does owe
Not only Earth but Heav'n too :
For Love's the only Trade that's driven
The *Interest of State in Heaven*,
Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but *Love*
To represent the *Joys above* ?

Or who, *but Lovers, can converse;*
Like Angels, by the Eye Discourse?
Address, and complement by vision,
Make Love, and Court, by intuition?
And burn in amorous Flames as fierce;
As those Celestial Ministers?
Then how can any thing offend
In order, to so *great an end?*
Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits in a kind mistake,
A Pardon for the offences sake.
Or if it did not, but the *Cause*
Were left to'th injury of *Laws,*
What tyranny can disapprove.
There should be *Equity* in Love?
For Laws, that are Imaninate
And feel no sense of Love, or Hate?

That

That have no Passion of their own
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,
 Are only proper to inflict
 Revenge, on criminals, as strict:
 But to have *Power to forgive,*
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
 And 'tis in Crowns, a nobler *Fem,*
To grant a Pardon, then condemn.
 Then since so few do what they ought,
 'Tis great, t' indulge a well meant fault.
 For why should he, who made address
 All humble ways, without success:
 And met with nothing in return,
 But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
 Not strive by Wit to counter-mine
 And bravely carry his Design?
 He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,
 Blown up with *Philters of Love-Powder?*

And

And after *letting Blood, and Purging,*
Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging?*
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd, by *Goblins*, in the Night?
Insulted on, Revil'd, and Jear'd,
With rude Invasion of his Beard?
And when your Sex was foully scandal'd,
As foully by the Rabble handled?
Attack'd by despicable Foes;
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows,
And after all, to be debar'd,
So much as standing on his Guard?
When Horses, being *Spur'd*, and *Prick'd*,
Have leave to *kick*, for being *kick'd*?

Or why should you, whose *Mother Wits*,
Are furnish'd with all Perquisites?

That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
 And *Nursing Babies*, that *Lye in* ?
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
 Our *Cully-Sex*, and we use none ?
 We, who have nothing, but frail vows,
 Against your stratagems t' oppose ?
 Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
 By which, we are no less put down ?
 You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
 And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*,
 Retire the more, the more we press,
 To draw us into Ambushes.
 As *Pirates* all false colours wear,
 T' intrap th' unwary Mariner :
 So Women to surprize us, spread
 Their *borrowed Flags*, of *White and Red*.
 Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
 Then their old Grandmothers, the *P.*

And

And raise more Devils, *with their looks,*
Then *Conjurers less subtle Books.*
Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues,*
In *Towrs, and Curls, and Perriwigs.*
With greater Art, and cunning rear'd,
Then *Philip Ny's Thanks-giving-beard.*
Prepost'rously t' intice, and Gain,
Those to adore 'em they disdain :
And only draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names, a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his Mistress, but the more a Slave,
And whatsoever she commands
Becomes a favour from her hands
Which he's oblig'd to obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust, or just.

Then

Then when he is compel'd by her
T' Adventures, he would else forbear,
Who with his Honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater then command ?
And when Necessity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjust, or bad
And therefore, when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *your great Allie, and yours ;*
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withstood,
By frail enamoured Flesh, and Blood,
All I have done unjust, or ill,
Was in obedience to your will :
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty, and you.

Nor are those scandals I confess,
Against my Will, and Interest,

More then is daily done of course
By all Men, when th' are under force
Whence some, upon the Rack, confess
What th' *Hangman*, and their *Prompters* please.
But are no sooner out of pain
Then they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confessor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no pleasure,
To Hear, or Pardon, like the *Founder*
Of *Lyars*, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The first that on th' Adventure, went :
All Mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what *Romance* can shew a Lover,
That had a *Lady* to recover.

And

And did not steer a nearer course,
 To fall aboard in his Amours ?
 And what at first was held a crime,
 Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To what a height did *Infant Rome*,
 By Ravishing of Women come ?
 When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,
 And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd :
 They ne're *Forsook* themselves nor *Zy'd*,
 Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd* :
 Nor took the pains, t' *address*, and *sue*,
Nor plaid the Masquerade to wooe.
 Disdain'd to stay for Friends consents,
 Nor juggled about settlements :
 Did need no *License*, nor no *Priest*,
 Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist ;

Nor Lawyers, to *joyn Land, and Money,*
In th' *Holy State of Matrimony :*
Before they settled Hands and Hearts :
Till *Alimony, or Death departs :*
Nor would indure to stay, until
Th' had got the very *Brides* good will.
But took a wife, and shorter course,
To win the Lady's, *Down-right Force.*
And justly made 'em Prisoners then
As they have often, since us Men,
With *Acting Plays* and *Dancing Figgs,*
The Luckiest of all Loves Intrigues:
And when they had them at their Pleasure,
Then talk'd of *Love, and Flames,* at Leisure.
For after *Matrimony's* over,
He that Holds out, but *Half a Lover;*
Desery's for ev'ry *Minute,* more
Then *half a year* of Love before :

For with the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that best way of Application,
Proved Nobler wives, then ere were known
By *Suite*, or *treaty*, to be won :
And such as all Posterity,
Could never equal nor come nigh.

For Women first were made for Men,
Not Men for them.-----It follows then,
That Men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own :
And therefore Men have pow'r to chuse;
But they no Charter to refuse :
Hence 'tis apparent, that what course
So e're we take, to *your Amours*,
Though by the Indirectest way
'Tis no *Injustice*, nor *Foul Play*.

And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you *for Bett'r or worse,*
And Gratefully submit to those,
Who you, before another chose :
For why should every Savage Beast
Exceed his *Great Lord's Interest* ?
Have freer Pow'r, then he, in *Grace,*
And Nature, o're the Creature has ?
Because the Laws, he since, has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had
Retrench'd the absolute Dominion
That Nature gâve him, over Women.
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to suspend :
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause, is to rebel.

This, if Men rightly understood
Their Priviledge, they would make good,
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
T' encroach, on their Prerogatives.

For which Sin, they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in slavery.

And this, some precious *Gifted Teachers*,
Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers*,

And disobey'd in making Love
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove
And make ye suffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault,

But, I forget my self, and rove,
Beyond th' Instructions of my Love:
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame,
Th' extravagancy of my *Flame*,

Since 'tis too much, at once, to show
Excess of Love, and temper too :
All I have said, that's *bad, and true*,
Was never meant to aim at you :
Who have so Sov'raign a controul,
O're that Poor Slave of yours, *my Soul* :
That rather then to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loss of Heaven* too.
Both with an equal Pow'r possess
To render all, that serve ye best
But none like him, who's destin'd, either
To *have*, or *lose* you, both together.
And if you'l but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please,)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more
Which you *commanded*, and I *swore*.
And expiate upon my Skin,
The Arreers in full of all my Sin.

For 'tis but just, that I should pay,
Th' accrewing penance, for delay,
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your Love.

The *Knight*, perusing *this Epistle*,
Believ'd, h' had brought her to his *Whistle*,
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great applause, t' himself, twice over,
Subscrib'd his *Name*, but at a Fit,
And humble distance, to his wit :
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart :
Then seal'd it, with *his coat of Love*
A smoaking Faggot--- and above
Upon a Scrol--- *I burn, and weep,*
And near it --- *For her Ladyship,*

Of all her Sex, most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present.
Then gave it to his faithless Squire
With Lessons, how t' observe, and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back or burn the Letter :
But guessing that it might import
Though nothing else, at least, her sport
She open'd it and read it out,
With many a smile, and learing flout :
Resolv'd to answer it in kind
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

THE
LADIES
Answer
TO THE
KNIGHT.

That you'r a *Beast*, and turn'd to *Grass*,
Is no strange News, nor ever was,
At least, to me, who once you know
Did from the Pound, *Replevin* you.
When both your *Sword*, and *Spurs*, were won
In Combat, by an *Amazon* ;
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th' Inevitable Death of *Vermine* ;

And

And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the threds of *Pigs, and Cows,*
By *Trulla*, was in *single Fight*,
Disarm'd, and wrested *from its Knight* :
Your Heels *Degraded* of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks, Close Prisoners.
Where still th' had Layn, in base Restraint,
If I, in Pitty 'of your Complaint,
Had not on Honorable Conditions,
Releas't 'em from the worst of Prisons,
And what Return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget
When being free, you strove t' evade
The Oaths you had in Prison made :
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd, and justify'd it :
And when y' had falsly broke one *Vow* :
Absolv'd, your self, by *breaking two*.

For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for Pardon, at our feet:
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*.
And doubting 'twas in vain, to sue.
You claim us boldly as your due.
Declare that Treachery, and Force,
To deal with us, is th' only course.
Who have no Title, nor Pretence,
To *Body, Soul, or Conscience*:
But ought to fall to that Man's share,
That claims us, for his proper Ware:
These are the motives, which t' induce,
Or fright us into Love, you use,
A pretty new way of *Gallanting*,
Between *Soliciting*, and *Ranting*,
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat,
For *Charity*, at once, and *threat*,

But since you undertake to Prove
Your own Propriety, in Love
As if we were but *Lawful Prize*
In *War*, between two Enemies ;
Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover
That would but sue for, might Recover
It is not Hard to understand
The *Myst'ry* of this Bold Demand :
That cannot at our Persons aim ;
But something capable of Claim.

'Tis not, *Those Paultry counterfeit*,
French Stones, which in our Eyes, you set :
But our *Right Diamonds*, that Inspire,
And set your Amo'rous Hearts on fire.
Nor can those False *S. Martins beads*
Which on our Lips, you lay for *Reds*

And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fewel, to your Scorching Flames.
But those true Rubies of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets, we lock.

'Tis not those Orient Pearls our Teeth,
That you are so transported with.
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effects.
Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our *Hair*
The *Perewigs* you make us wear
But those bright Guinneys in our Chests
That light the wild fire in your Breasts.
These Love-tricks I've been vers't in so,
That all their fly *Intrigues*, I know.
And can unriddle, by *their Tones* ;
Their *Mystique Cabals*, and *Fargones*.

Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,

Pine for the Beauties, of my Grounds :

What Raptur's Fond, and Amorous,

O'th' *Charms*, and *Graces* of my House.

What *Exstasy*, and *Scorching Flame*

Burns for my *Money*, in my *Name*.

What from th'unnatural Desire

To *Beasts*, and *Cattle*, takes it's fire.

What *Tender Sigh*, and *Trickling tear*,

Longs for a *Thousand Pound* a year.

And Languishing Transports, are Fond

Of *Statute*, *Mortgage*, *Bill*, and *Bond*.

These are th'Attracts, which most men fall

Inamour'd, at first sight, with all :

To these th'Address with *Serenades*

And Court with *Balls*, and *Maskerades*

And yet, For all the yearning Pain
Y' have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain :
I fear they'l prove so nice and Coy
To *have and t' Hold*, and to *Enjoy* :
That all *your Oaths*, and *labor lost*
They'l n'ere turn *Ladys of the Post* :
This is not meant, to Disapprove
Your Judgment, in your Choice of Love
Which is so wise, The greatest Part
Of Mankind, study't as an Art,
For Love should, *like a Deodand*,
Still fall to th'*owner of the Land* :
And where there's Substance, for it's Ground,
Cannot but be more Firm, and Sound,
Then that which has the flighter Bassis,
Of *Airey virtue, wit, and graces* :
Which is of such thin Subtlety,
It Steal's, and Creep's in at the eye :

And

id as it can't indure to stay,

als out again, *as nice a way.*

But Love, that its extraction owns

From solid *Gold*, and *precious Stones*

Must, like its shining Parents prove,

As *solid*, and as *Glorious Love* :

Hence 'tis, you have no way, t' express

Our *Charms*, and *Graces*, but by these :

For what are *Lips*, and *Eyes*, and *Teeth*,

Which *Beauty* invades, and *conquers* with ?

With *Rubies*, *Pearls*, and *Diamonds*

With which a *Philter Love* commands ?

This is the way all Parents prove,

In managing their Childrens Love

That force 'em t' *inter-marry* and *wed*,

As if th' were *Bur'ing* of the *Dead*.

Cast *Earth*, to *Earth*, as in the *Grave*,
To Joyn in Wedlock all they have.
And when the settlement's in Force,
Take all the rest, *For, Better or worse*,
For Money has a Power, above,
The *Stars*, and *Fate*, to manage *Love*:
Whose Arrows, Learned Poets hold,
That never miss, are *Tip't with Gold*.
And though some say the Parents claims,
To make Love in their Childrens Names.
Who, many times, at once, Provide,
The *Nurse*, the *Husband*, and the *Bride*.
Feel *Darts*, and *Charms*, *Attracts*, and *Flames*,
And woo, and contract, in their Names.
And as they *Christen*, use to marry 'em,
And, like their *Gossips*, answer for 'em,
Is not to give in Matrimony,
But Sell, and *Prostitute*, for Money,

Tis better then their own Betrothing,
Who often do't for worſe then Nothing.
And when th' are at their own Diſpoſe;
With greater Diſadvantage, chooſe.
All this is Right ! But for the Courſe,
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force :
'Tis ſo Ridiculous, As ſoon,
As told, 'tis never to be done.
No more then *Setters can Betray*,
That tell what *Tricks* they are to Play.
Marriage, at beſt is but a Vow,
Which all men, either *Break*, or *Bow*,
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who *Perjare*, when they do but *Woo* ?
Such as before hand, *Swear*, and *lye*,
For *Earneſt* to their Treachery :
And rather then a Crime confeſs,
With greater ſtrive to make it leſs.

To the Knight.

Like Thieves, who after sentence past,
Maintain their Innocence to the last.
And when their Crimes were made appear,
As Plain as witnesses can swear.
Yet when the wretches come to Dy,
Will take upon their Deaths a Ly.
Nor are the virtues, you Confest,
T' your *Ghostly Father*, as you Guest,
So slight, as to be Justify'd,
By being, as shamefully, Deny'd.
As if you thought your word would Pass:
Poynt-blanc, on both sides, of a Case,
Or Credit were not, to be lost;
B' a *Brave Knight Errant of the Post*.
That *Eats*, perfidiously, his *Wor'd*,
And *swears his Ears*, through a two Inch Board,
Can own the same thing, and Disown,
And Perjure booty, *Pro and Con*.

Can make the *Gospel* serve his turn,
And help him out, to be forsworn.
When 'tis *lay'd hands upon, and kist.*
To be betray'd, and sold, like Christ.

These are the virtues, in whose name,
A Right to all the World, you claim :
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
In *Grace*, and *Nature*, o're all Women.
Of whom no less will satisfie,
Then all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'l find it, a Hard Province,
With all your Crafty Frauds, and Covins,
To Govern such a num'rous Crew,
Who one by one now governs you,
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wise* and *Great* as he was once.

You'l find Th'are able to subdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done :
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the flight.
For when we find y' are still most taken,
With false Attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a *Rose* and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots to us that laid it on,
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime :
You force us in our own defences,
To *Copy Beams* and *Influences*,
To lay *Perfections* on and *Graces*,
And draw *Attracts* upon our faces :

And in compliance to your wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.
For by the Practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater share of Hearts,
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost,
For great Perfections are like Heav'n,
Too rich a Present to be given:
Nor are those *Master-strokes of Beauty*,
To be perform'd, without *hard duty*.
Which when th' are nobly done and well,
The simple Natural excell.

How fair and sweet, *the Planted Rose*,
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges grows?
For without Art the Noblest Seeds
Of Flow'rs, degenerate to Weeds:

How Dul and Rugged, 'ere 'tis Ground,
 And Polish'd looks a Diamond?
 Though *Paradise* were ere so fair,
 It was not kept so, without Care,
 The whole World without *Art*, and *Dress*,
 Would be but one great *Wilderness*.
 And Mankind but a Savage Heard,
 For all that Nature has Conferd.
 That do's but *Rough-hew*, and *Design*,
 Leave *Art* to *Polish*, and *Refine*.

Though Women first were made for Men.
 Yet Men were made for them agen :
 For when (*outwitted by his Wife*)
 Man first turn'd *Tenant*, but, *for life*.
 If Women had not Interven'd,
 How soon had Mankind had an end ?

And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone, you are in *Debt*.
Then where's your Liberty of *Choyce*,
And our unnatural *No-voyce*?
Since all the *Priviledge* you *Boast*,
And *Falsly usurp'd*, or *vainly lost*:
Is now our Right, to *whose Creation*,
You ow your *Happy Restoration*.
And if we had not weighty Cause
To not Appear, in making *Laws*,
We could, in spight of all your *Tricks*,
And *shallow, Formal, Politicks*;
Force, you our *Managements* t'obey,
As we to yours (in shew) give way.
Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive,
T'advance your *high Prerogative*.
You basely, after all your *Braves*,
Submit, and own your selves, our *Slaves*.

And

And cause we do not make it known
Nor Publickly our Intrests own
Like Sots, suppose we have no shares
In *Ordering* you, and your *Affairs*:
When all your Empire, and Command
You have from us, at *Second Hand*.
As if a *Pilot*, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers:
And does not make a Noyse, and stir,
Like every Common *Mariner*:
Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*,
And did not Guide the *Man of war*:
Nor we, because we do'nt appeare
In *Councils*, do not govern there.
While like the Mighty *Prestor Fahn*
Whose Person, none dare's look upon:
But is Preserv'd in *Close Disguise*,
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes:

W' Injoy as large a Pow'r, unseen,

To Govern him, as He do's men.

And in the Right of our *Pope Fone*,

Make *Emp'rors*, at our Feet, fall down.

Or *Fone the Pucel's* Braver Name,

Our Right to *Arms*, and *Conduct* claime

Who, though a *Spinster*, yet was Able

To serve *France*, for a *Grand Constable*.

We make and Execute all *Laws*,

Can *fudge the fudges*, and the *Cause*.

Prescribe all Rules, of *Right*, or *Wrong*,

To th' *Long-Robe*, and the *Longer Tongue*:

'Gain't which the world has no Defence,

But our more Pow'rful *Eloquence*.

We Manage things of Greatest weight,

In all the world's *Affairs of State*.

Are Ministers in War, and Peace,
That sway *all Nations* how we Please,
We rule *all Churches, and their Flocks,*
Heretical, and Orthodox.

And are the *Heavenly vehicles,*
O' th' *Spirit, in all conventicles.*

By us is all *Commerce, and Trade,*
Improv'd, and Manag'd, and Decay'd.

For nothing can go of, so well,
Nor bears that Price, *as what we Sell.*

We Rule in ev'ry *Publique Meeting,*
And make Men do, what we Judge Fitting
Are Magistrates, in all great *Towns,*
Where Men do nothing, but wear *Gowns.*

We make the *Man of War strike Sail,*
And to our Braver Conduct *vail.*

And, when H'ha's chac'd his Enemies,
Submit to us, upon his *Knees.*

Is there an *Officer of State*,
Untimely Rais'd ; or *Magistrate*,
That's *Haughty*, and *Imperious* ?
He's but a *Forney-man* to us.

That as he gives us Cause to Do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your *Guardians*, that increase,
Or *wast* your Fortunes, how we Please,
And as you Humour us, can Deal,
In all your Matters, *ill* or *well*.

Tis wee, that can Dispose alone,
Whether your *Heirs* shall be your *own*,
To whose Integrity, you must.
In spite of all your Caution, trust.
And 'less you *Fly beyond the Seas* :
Can fit you with what *Heirs* we Please.

And

And force you t'own 'em ; Though Begotten
By *French Valets*, or *Irish Footmen*.

Nor can the Rigoroufeste Course,
Prevail, unless to make us worse.

Who still the harsher we are us'd,
Are Further off from being Reduc'd :

And scorn t'Abate, for any Ills,
The least *Puntillio* of our *Wills*.

Force do's but whet our wits to Apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy :

Which all your Politicks as yet,
Have ne're been Able to Defeat :

For when y'have Try'd all sorts of ways
What Fools D'we make of you in Plays ?
While all the Favors we Afford.

Are but to Girt you with the Sword,
To Fight our Battels, in our steads

And have your Brains, beat out o' your Heads

*Incounter in despite of Nature,
And fight at once, with Fire, and Water,
With Pyrats, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our Pride, and vanity t' appease.
Kill one another, and cut throats;
For our Good Graces, and best Thoughts;
To do your Exercife for Honor
And have your Brains beat out, the fooner;
Or crackt, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;
And ftill appear the more Industrious
The more your Projects, are Prepoftrous.
To Square the Circle of the Arts;
And Run ftark-mad, to fhew your Parts.
Expound the Oracle of Laws;
And turn 'em, which way, we fee Caufe.
To be our Solicitors, and Agents;
And ftand for us, in all Ingagements.*

And these are all the *Mighty Powers*,
You vainly Boast, to cry down ours
And what in real Value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and Ranting :
Because your selves are Terrifyd,
And Stoop to one anothers Pride :
Believe we have as little Wit,
To be *Out-Hector'd*, and *Submit* :
By your *Example* Loose that Right,
In *Treatys*, which we Gain'd in *Fight*.
And Terrify'd into an Awe,
Pass on our selves a *Salique Law* :
Or, as some Nations use, Give Place,
And Truckle, to your *Mighty Race* :
Let Men usurp Th' unjust Dominion,
As if they were the *Better Women*.

F I N I S.

THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF

PHYSIOLOGISTS

Held at the

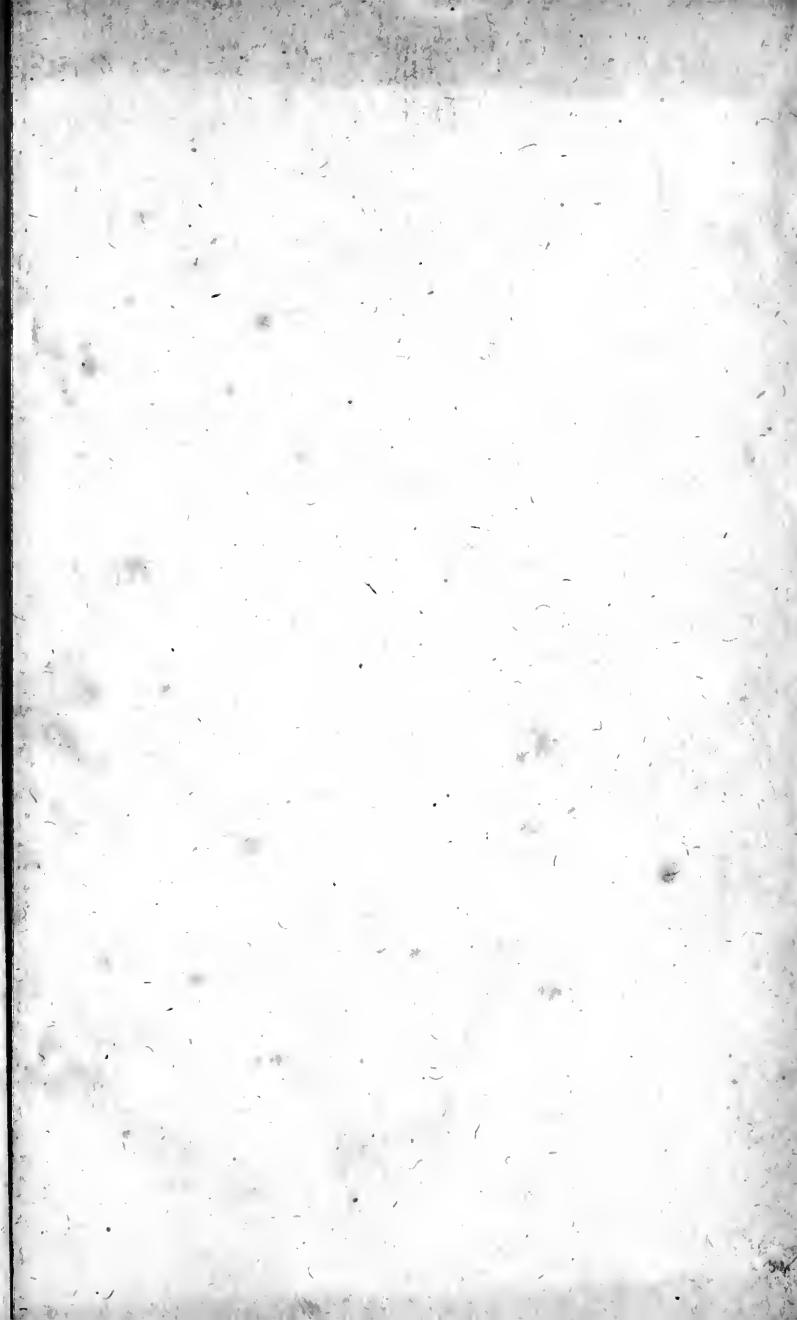
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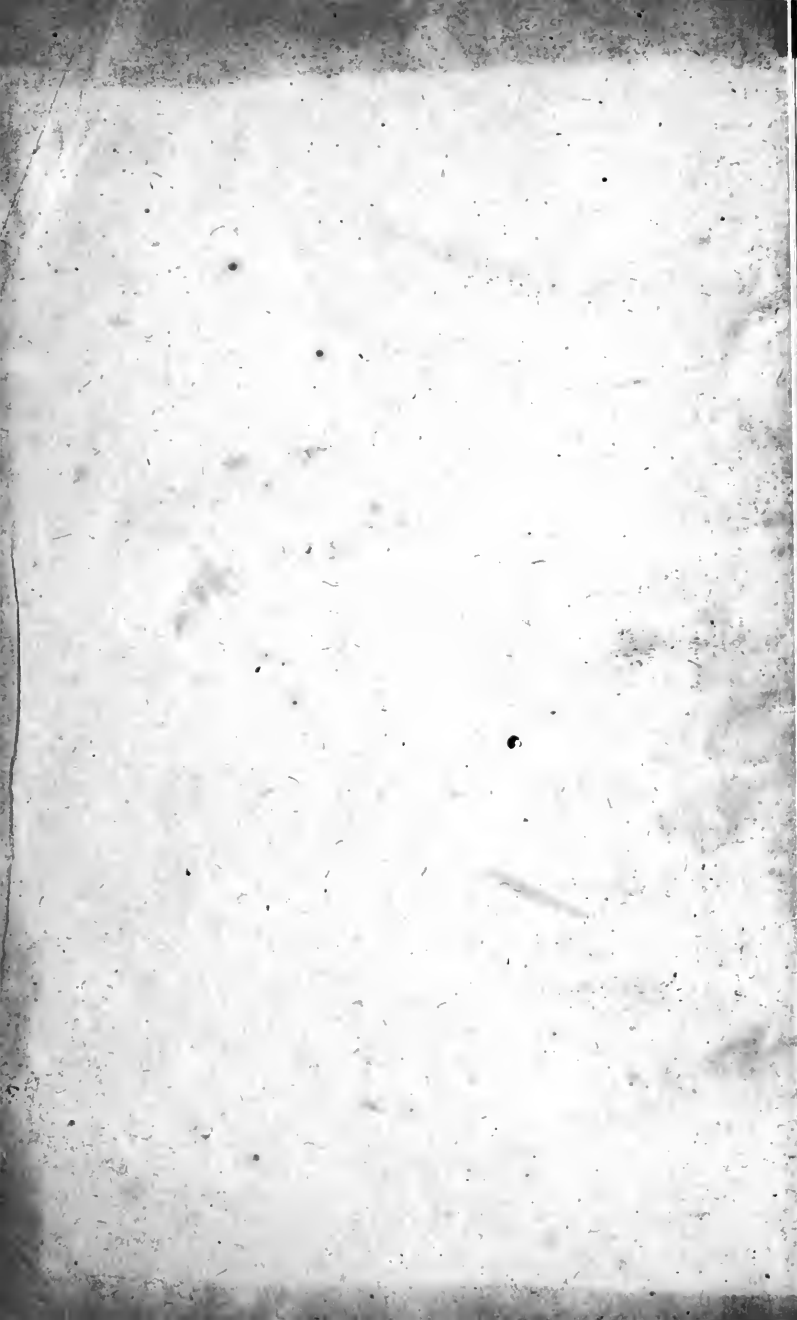
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